The Nation

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Summary of the News

President Wilson on Saturday addressed to the public a statement of his proposals and arguments for a settlement of the railway crisis. He recommended the concession of the eight-hour day as a substitute for the present ten-hour day "in all existing practices and agreements." He argued that the shorter day now has the sanction of society and should, therefore, be adopted as a basis for wages. He also proposed that the demand for extra pay for overtime, which has been made by the men, as well as the proposals relating to this made by the railway executives, should be postponed until some calculation of the effects of the eight-hour day in actual operation could be arrived at. If his suggestion was adopted, he promised, with the authority of Congress, to appoint a small body of impartial men to make a study of the results. With these as a basis it was his hope that an arrangement could be effected which should be satisfactory to both parties. Mr. Wilson asked the presidents of the several railways to come to Washington, in addition to the thirty-three railway executives already there, and on Monday was made acquainted with their desire that the workers' demands should be considered by a public tribunal for final decision.

The most important development in any chronicle of the war this week is undoubtedly the offensive which the Allies have launched on the Salonica front. In our report of a week ago we recorded activities in this region which looked like a stage in the all-round offensive planned at the Paris conference. In a dispatch from Paris of August 20, operations were noted along an irregular line of some 150 miles, running from Florina, near Monastir, to the River Struma. On the left the Servians had moved up to within 25 miles of Monastir, meeting with stiff resistance from the Bulgarians. In the centre the French and British forces had occupied Dolzzelia; and on the east a French force took by storm a series of small villages. It was also announced that Greece had agreed to withdraw her troops from eighteen villages near the frontier. On Monday came the report that Italian troops had landed at Salonica.

Of the Russian offensive against the Austro-German lines there is little of note to be recorded. General Brussiloff seems for the moment to be occupied mainly with the northern portion of his line. An official statement of August 19 spoke of definite success in Volhynia, on the Stokhod River, 60 miles northeast of Kovel.

On the whole front from Pozières to the Somme British and French forces engaged in a combined attack last Friday. The British moved up on the villages of Ginchy and Guillemont, while the French gained the greater part of Maurepas. In the two days following, this attack was converted into substantial gains, the British advancing their line in the neighborhood of High Wood between 200 yards and 600 yards over a front of more than two miles.

An engagement took place on Saturday between a portion of the British fleet which was searching for the German High Seas Fleet, said to be showing some activity in the North Sea, and certain German submarines. Two British light cruisers, the Nottingham and the Falmouth, were torpedoed and sunk, and, according to a Berlin report, a battleship was damaged by torpedoes. This last statement the British Admiralty has denied. In the engagement one German submarine was destroyed and another rammed and possibly sunk, according to the British account. Whether German submarines were also responsible for the loss of the Italian liner Stampalia, a report of the sinking of which came from London on August 19, is not stated. Meanwhile rumor continues to sport with the Deutschland and the Bremen. Two passengers from London are certain that they saw the Bremen in tow of two British warships off Deal, and mariners pretend to have seen the Deutschland off the Grand Banks; whereas a telegram from Geneva reports this craft safe at Bremen. Our readers are free to draw their own conclusions. The German Government has at length admitted that the Dutch steamer Rijndijk was struck by a German torpedo and has apologized and offered to compensate the owners.

Both the Danish and American Governments are experiencing difficulty in effecting the sale of the Danish West Indies. In Copenhagen the treaty is involved with the Government's proposal for a coalition cabinet; and the situation has been made extremely complex by party caucuses. Delay has been caused in Washington also by the call for further information, and it seems possible that the treaty may not be acted upon at the present session of Congress.

Of the various measures over which a perspiring Congress has been laboring, the Philippine bill was passed by the Senate on August 16 by a vote of 37 to 22, the House and Senate conferrees having submitted their agreement. It is provided that the Filipinos shall elect a Senate in addition to a House, which is already elected by the people. The electorate will by this measure be increased from about 200,000 to about 800,000. Because he was opposed to the clause exempting retired army officers from trial and punishment by court-martial, or from any other form of military discipline, President Wilson on Friday vetoed the Army Appropriation bill. The bill involved an aggregate outlay of $267,596,530.10. It is expected that with this objectionable clause stricken out the bill can easily be repassed. The Ship Purchase bill was passed by the Senate on Friday, and was sent back to the House, which had approved the measure in May. Of the amendments made in the Senate, one reduced from $10,000 to $7,500 the salaries to be paid to members of the Shipping Board. The final vote was 38 to 21, all the votes in the negative being cast by Republicans. The Senate's plan for the building of sixteen capital warships in three years was adopted in the House by a vote of 283 to 51. It is expected that all items in dispute between the House and the Senate will be quickly adjusted, and that the bill will soon be sent to the President. Certain clauses in the General Revenue bill, which it is estimated will produce $205,000,000 a year, are receiving strong opposition from a prominent Democratic Senator. Mr. Underwood is opposed to that portion of the measure which seems to recognize the principle of protection in taxation, as opposed to the traditional policy of the Democratic party.

Progress in the settlement of our differences with Mexico has been temporarily halted by the declination of Justice Brandeis to serve as a member of the Mexican-American Commission. Justice Brandeis reached his decision after conferring with Chief Justice White. Secretary Baker on Monday declared that the National Guard would be kept on the Mexican border until the danger of raids on American lives and property no longer existed.

The State Department on Wednesday of last week issued a new European White Book. In it Secretary Lansing makes public a part of his correspondence with the German Ambassador relating to the pernicious activities of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen which made them unacceptable to this Government as foreign representatives.

Scientific associates of Vilhjalmur Stefansson arrived at Nome, Alaska, on August 15, after spending more than three years in investigations on the north coast of Canada. It is reported that Stefansson may not return until 1918.

President Wilson has announced that he will not undertake any campaigning tour, though he signifies his willingness to accept invitations to visit various parts of the country for the purpose of making addresses. Most of his campaigning will doubtless be accomplished by receiving delegations at Long Branch. In the meantime, Mr. Hughes has not been without his difficulties on tour. In San Francisco his assertion that he had no concern in local quarrels tended, it is said, to estrange Progressives. While Mr. Wilson, by his advocacy of an eight-hour day for railway employees, has no doubt strengthened his position in the eyes of labor, Mr. Hughes in San Francisco was served at a luncheon by "scab" waiters!

A remarkable collection of Americana from the library at Britwell Court, Dunham, Bucks, England, the property of S. R. Christie-Miller, which was to have been sold at auction August 15-17, has been bought by an American, Mr. George D. Smith. Some of the rarer items in this remarkable collection will receive comment in the *Nation* of next week.

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The Week

General criticism of Mr. Hughes's attacks upon the Administration is that they are non-constructive, while some assert them petty. But the most far-sighted candidate cannot be constructive about everything, and our foreign policy, national extravagance, and high standards in the civil service cannot be called petty. Mr. Hughes's procedure has been to take up one act after another of the Administration's, and denounce it without reference to any apparent fixed principles which would bring his attacks into harmony and unity. Many hoped that the Republican nominee would translate their own general dissatisfaction with Wilson's record into one fundamental criticism, as illuminating as a shaft of light. Instead Wilson is denounced for his Mexican course, his European course, his attitude on the tariff, the fact that the navy is undermanned, the showing of the militia, the high cost of living, a few bad appointments, an enlarged budget, much as if the campaigner put his hand into a hatful of slips for a text at each new town. No wonder that there seems confusion in the Republican campaign under such a process. One commentator on Mr. Hughes's speeches calls for a "base line." The candidate has certainly failed thus far to drive a Roman road through the campaign issues.

Marine interests estimate that with the $50,000,000 made available by the Shipping bill which passed the Senate Friday, the Government would be able to buy outright not more than forty steamers of about 10,000 tons each, or enough for four lines. By the bill's terms, these steamers are not to be operated by the Government unless it proves impossible to lease or sell them to private corporations. But where is the Government actually to get ships which it may add to our merchant marine? The new law forbids it to purchase any ship engaged in the American trade unless it is about to be withdrawn, or to purchase from any belligerent Power. A large number of the most important neutral maritime nations, as Norway, Sweden, Brazil, Chili, Greece, prohibit the transfer of any tonnage now flying their flag. The capacity of our home shipbuilding is taxed to the limit, for, as the Democratic campaign text-book points out, on July 1 there were under construction steel merchantmen of 1,225,000 tons, which is within 175,000 tons of the record for shipbuilding in the United Kingdom. The navy yards are full, and there is doubt as to the feasibility of the plan for the resurrection of old naval establishments. But so far as its argument that this is an emergency measure goes, the Administration might as well consent to plans that will give it its own leased or owned fleet in from one to three years. A bill which has been debated for a year and a half is no longer an emergency bill, while the one-time emergency has been well met by private enterprise.

From the general argument which the President made in his veto of the army bill, there can be no dissent. Officers on the retired list, having their legal status fixed by successive acts of Congress, certainly have no claim to special favors in the matter of discipline. And the clause in the revision of the articles of war embodied in the army bill, which would give them exemption from the ordinary military responsibility for their acts or utterances, seems most ill-advised. The action appears to have been taken by Congress against protests by the War Department. So seriously did Secretary Baker regard the matter that he strongly advised the President to veto the whole bill. The truth probably is that the question received little attention from many members of Congress. Their interest lay in other parts of the bill; and if the attempt was made to insert a "joker," no place was so favorable as in the revision of the articles of war, which meant nothing to Congress as a whole. It ought to be easy to repass the bill, by joint resolution or otherwise, with the objectionable matter cut out. It is long since a general appropriation bill has been vetoed by the President; but the reasons which actuated Mr. Wilson seem compelling.

Though Justice Brandeis stated in his letter to the President declining to be a member of the Mexican Commission merely that "the state of the business of the Supreme Court" demanded his full time, Washington dispatches hastened to add that an additional reason was supposed to be that Chief Justice White dislikes the use of his associates in such service. It would be easy to find precedents for the drafting of Justice Brandeis. Justice Harlan served as a member of the Louisiana Commission in the autumn of the same year—1877—that he was appointed to the Supreme Court. Justice Brewer served as a member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission in 1896. Chief Justice Fuller was a member of the Arbitration Commission convened at Paris in 1899 to adjust the Anglo-Venezuelan boundary dispute, and in 1904-1905 was chosen by Great Britain as arbitrator at The Hague in the case of the French flag at Muscat. Other instances of like service might be cited. The desirability of having a full bench when the Supreme Court convenes in October, however, is evident, as is that of proper manning of the Circuits.

The radical conservationists seem certain to win the partial victory of a postponement of the waterpower bills till December or perhaps to another Congress, though this issue must really be unsatisfactory to all concerned. Chairman Adamson, of the House conference committee, announced last week that after four meetings of the conferrees the deadlocks seemed hopeless. The Senate insists on the Shields bill, which would permit the building of dams in navigable streams without a Federal charge for the power developed, and would otherwise make easy rapid utilization of hydro-electric resources. The House is determined that a Federal charge shall be made and that each grant of a dam shall be made only by passage of a separate bill in Congress. It is significant that Representative Adamson, while acting for the House in conference, is an advocate of the Shields measure, in that he would dispense at least with the Federal charge. The Senate, with the Western interests well represented, naturally takes a more liberal view than does the lower body, where the Eastern members have proved responsive to the influence of Pinchot and others. The question of a Federal charge is indeed a debatable one; but the arguments against it have been persuasive, and it is time that the country stopped guarding its power so well that it is of no use to anybody.

Following the act which several years ago reorganized the Philippine judiciary, there are now in the islands a Supreme Court, twenty-six judicial districts, each with a court of first instance, three additional judges of first instance for Manila, and seven additional judges of first instance to replace judges disqualified in particular cases. The attacks of former Judge James C. Jenkins on these changes in administration are feeble beside the defence of them made by Secretary Baker. Mr. Jenkins tells us that the redistrictng of the archipelago, involving the reassignment of all district judges, was the result of Governor-General Harrison's desire "to take care of his political pets and appoint them to the most desirable districts." As

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against this, Secretary Baker adduces the testimony of none other than Dean C. Worcester that the Governor-General "exploded a bombshell among the politicians by reappointing practically all the old judges and by renaming worthy men for the newly created judgeships." He shows that the reorganization originated before Governor-General Harrison came, and that he has administered the reorganization act impartially—though with a desire to advance meritorious Filipinos. As for the merits of the act, he shows that it actually makes reassignments of judges harder than before, in that the Governor-General and Commission can no longer transfer them at will; that they are not removable, except for sufficient cause in the judgment of the Supreme Court; and that a needed superannuation limit has been fixed.

Zimmermann is the name signed to a letter written by the Berlin Foreign Office last February in reply to a communication from our State Department recounting the escape of fourteen members of the interned ships Kronprinz Wilhelm and Friedrich Eitel. But internal evidence shows that the German note was not written by von Jagow's principal assistant. What happened was probably this. When Mr. Lansing's protest arrived at Berlin they rang the bell and called in the same metaphysician who later demonstrated that the Germans did not torpedo the Sussex, but torpedoed another ship called the Sussex at exactly the same time and place. This genius in dialetics, applying his mind to the escape of the interned German officers, at once discovered that, while the commanders of the interned ships had given "assurances" for their crews, the full significance of such assurances was not unfortunately made clear to the men. Furthermore, the word "pledge" does not absolutely conform to the idea of "word of honor." Therefore, "the persons who escaped were obviously convinced that they would not, through their act, render themselves guilty of a breach of their word of honor." No such infraction of honor, for instance, as would have been involved in the interned German crews submitting to be photographed as a safeguard, against which von Bernstorff protested so earnestly. This is not the view taken by Lady Teazle, who refused point-blank to sacrifice her honor in order to save her reputation.

From every point of view, the new loan of $250,000,000 to the British Government, announced by the New York bankers, is an unusual operation. In its form and character, the loan departs absolutely from all precedent in English financial history; indeed, except for the similar $100,000,000 loan placed in New York by the French Government last month, the pending British loan is a novelty in all governmental finance. Each of these loans is modelled distinctly on the so-called "short-term notes" of railway or industrial companies, with which our own markets had become familiar during the dozen past years. The salient characteristics of such obligations were their early maturity—usually one to three years from the date of issue—and the fact that they were secured by deposit in trust of other securities owned by the company. A year ago most people would have said that a Government would in the nature of things be unable to offer such a loan. Governments do not invest in securities, save in such isolated instances as the British Government's control of the Suez Canal. Yet the British Government, in placing this two-year loan of $250,000,000, has arranged to deposit in a New York trust company $300,000,000 in negotiable securities—one-third of them stocks and bonds of American corporations, one-third Canadian Government and railway issues, and one-third public securities of neutral states.

The British Exchequer has acquired possession of these investment securities through practically forcing English investors to turn over their private holdings to the Government, either for cash or as a loan or in exchange for British Government bonds. In this way, the requisite "collateral" was obtained. Needless to say, the offer of such special inducements for an American loan is in some ways a humiliating recourse for Great Britain. The most interesting economic aspect of the operation is the shifting of financial power which it marks from England to the United States. Since the war began, our own country has lent directly to the British Government (including the present transaction, and allowing for only half of the Anglo-French loan) upwards of $600,000,000, and, in addition, our markets have bought back considerably more than $1,000,000,000 of American securities previously owned in Europe, mostly in England. Such investments, along with the others represented in the collateral against the pending $250,000,000 loan, constituted much of London's former power as the financial centre of the world. It is true that these heavy borrowings in America have been necessitated, not by the Exchequer's inability to raise the money at home, but by the difficulty of preventing a great depreciation in exchange on London, if Great Britain's purchases of merchandise from us were to be paid for wholly by drafts on London. During the twelve months ending with last June, England imported $924,000,000 more from the United States than in the last full year of peace, while her shipments to us increased only $15,000,000. But the situation created by the enormous transfer of investments equally remains as a factor in the economic future.

At first sight the new Balkan campaign does not at all fulfil the predictions of an Allied thrust. It is the Bulgars who are attacking. In all the official bulletins, from Paris, London, and Berlin, Czar Ferdinand's troops are described as taking the initiative. But the situation of the battle-front shows plainly that the Allied advance has been under way for some time, and what has come now is the collision. The British are now around Doiran, from which they fell back to Salonica last winter. The Serbs have advanced from Salonica to their own frontier. The Allied plan is probably being carried out. Nevertheless, the fact that the Bulgars have so promptly accepted the challenge and are hitting out in true accordance with the German principle of an offensive-defensive, would indicate no such disparity of strength as the estimates of the Allied army around Salonica might lead us to suppose. These estimates have run as high as 700,000 men, which is obviously exaggerated. Half a million is much nearer the truth. That, in the face of the Allied move, the enemy should divert Turkish troops to the Carpathians, is one sign that the Central Powers feel themselves able to cope with the drive from Salonica, for some time at least.

The name of Hale as that of a candidate for the Senate in Maine recalls the palmy days of Maine's dominance at Washington. In the last Congress controlled by the Republicans, Senator Hale, father of the present candidate, was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and the State's other Senator, Frye, was at the head of the Committee on Commerce. New York had two important chairmen in the House, Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, and Alexander, of Rivers and Harbors. But neither New York nor any other State could compare with Maine at the height of her glory. The story cannot be better told than in the words of an irate Southerner who burst into Reed's office with the indignant demand, "Who's running this Government, anyway?" Reed's drawling, "The great and the good,

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John, of course," was the signal for the following retort:

> Well, the great and the good must all live in Maine, then. I come up here on business with the Secretary of State—Mr. Blaine, from Maine. I call to pay my respects to the acting Vice-President—Mr. Frye, from Maine. I wish to consult the leader of the United States Senate—Mr. Hale, from Maine. I would talk over a tariff matter with the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee—Mr. Dingley, from Maine. There is a naval bill in the House in which I am greatly interested—Chairman Boutelle, from Maine. I wish an addition to the public building in Richmond—Chairman Milliken, from Maine. And here I am in the august presence of the great Speaker of the greatest parliamentary body in the world—Mr. Reed, from Maine.

The story goes on to say that the Southerner "went out laughing to lunch with the Chief Justice—Mr. Fuller, from Maine," but that is drawing the bow rather long. Fuller was born in Maine, but Cleveland took him from Illinois. The record shows one way, nevertheless, by which a State so small and so certain that its electoral vote is not the object of hard fighting may obtain a tremendous influence in the Government. All it need do is keep its representatives in office. Seniority will do the rest. But might not the Democrats have charged their opponents with sectionalism?

Progressive-Republican leaders in California may well warn Hughes that the large Progressive vote of that State hangs in the balance, and that a hint to the Old Guard leaders to be more cordial towards the third-party men is desirable. A little while ago California was considering a law which should divorce State from national politics. Now she is showing how difficult any such divorce is. Johnson, running for Senator, is sincere but perfunctory in expressing his adherence to Hughes, whom he mildly recommends to the third party. He is implacable and vehement in his attitude towards the State Republican organization. His following, he declares, has made California politically free, and his opponents would enslave her again. The Progressives have regulated the transportation companies, have made an electorate of all the people instead of half of them, have ended child labor, have given women the eight-hour day and the minimum wage, and provided workmen's compensation and the initiative and referendum. The State Republicans have determined to undo all this. No one who has read the speeches with which Johnson is campaigning can wonder that the Old Guard, who control Hughes's campaign there, have left Johnson and Rowell out of their councils. Some arrangement will have to be patched up by which these factions can strike hands on the national campaign and swords on the State issues—and if Hughes can make such an arrangement permanent in his hasty trip he will have done wonders.

In the most solemn and explicit fashion Cardinal O'Connell, principal speaker at the opening session of the convention of Catholic societies in Madison Square Garden, reasserted the loyalty of the membership and hierarchy of the Church to America:

> I know well every priest in my diocese and every bishop in this country. Yet never, never in all that experience have I heard spoken, lisped, or whispered, or even hinted, by any or all of these, anything concerning America and American institutions but words of affection, of tender and kindliest solicitude for her welfare—neither plot nor scheme nor plan, but only sentiments of admiration and love.

Except to the bigoted opponent of the Roman Catholic Church, it was hardly necessary to address a denial of Catholic plots or conspiracies against America. It is inconceivable that any sect or class or race should be the enemy of the flag that shelters it. Rational people do not speak of Catholic plots, but of Catholic influence; and that in itself is no accusation. It is as natural for the American citizen of Catholic faith to have his views on Mexican policy or Philippine policy influenced by the fact that he is a Catholic, as it is for an American citizen to have his views shaped by the fact that he is an Imperialist, a free-trader, or an importer of copper and hemp. Parents do not engage in plots and conspiracies against their children when they set out to bring up their children in accordance with the parents' outlook upon life. It is not a question of love or loyalty, but of the wisdom concerning the means through which the feeling expresses itself. Upon that there may be differences of opinion.

But Cardinal O'Connell's case for Catholic loyalty to America is not strengthened when he declares that it is not liberty when Catholics "are insulted, scurrilously maligned, and openly vilified in filthy journals and nasty, indecent literature, through your very mails, which we pay for." Neither is the spirit of America, as we understand it, expressed in a judgment which speaks of "the Voltaires and the Vivians, the Haeckels and the Nietzsches, the Tolstoys and the Huxleys and the Kants and all the rest of that monstrous brood." It is precisely the American idea of liberty that full discussion and criticism should be granted to all factions, within the limits of public order and public decency. Only when they are passed can the use of the United States mails be denied to anti-Catholic literature, whatever may be the intellectual worth of such publications. Neither is it conceivable that a point of view which places Kant, Haeckel, and Huxley among the "monstrous brood" can be in full harmony with the spirit of America or of modern life anywhere. Our thought, our education, and our outlook upon life are grounded in the spirit of philosophic inquiry and scientific research. The daily life of the Catholic masses, as of non-Catholics, is not the less conditioned by the labors of the Huxleys and the Haeckels because the Church rejects the influence of these men on religious thought.

Only two years ago Vilhjalmur Stefansson was given up for dead; since then one report after another has added to the splendid record of effort and achievement made by his party. His explorations in the region north of Alaska and of the part of continental Canada immediately adjoining Alaska—that is, about Prince Albert Land, Banks Land, Prince Patrick Island, Prince of Wales Island, and other members of the archipelago that stretches to within 12 degrees of the Pole—have been extraordinarily daring and fruitful. In 1914 he found the edge of the continental shelf forty miles north of Alaska, and made soundings all the way east to Banks Land, learning the nature of the sea bottom. On the west coast of Prince Patrick Island in 1915 he charted a stretch of coastline that was not covered by the surveys of McClintock and Mecham sixty years ago, completing the outline of this large body of land. To the northeast of this he sighted an entirely new land, and explored it sufficiently to determine that it is of great extent—seeing mountains and coastal promontories stretching 150 miles in one direction. Now members of the expedition which he left to the south of these lands to explore more thoroughly the Canadian continental line have arrived at Nome, and report that they have mapped the coast line from the Cape Parry Peninsula for a considerable distance east, and made topographical and geological surveys of a huge region which lies—roughly—half way between northern Alaska and the outlet of Hudson Bay. The charts made by Sir John Franklin have been corrected, large copper fields discovered, and ethnological and other scientific information obtained. Meanwhile, Stefansson is far to the north in Beaufort Sea, exploring the new land first sighted last year.

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THE RAILWAY EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

On their face, the proposals for a settlement of the dispute between the brotherhoods and railways show little of the real complexity of the controversy. The President has suggested yielding the basic eight-hour day, with arbitration of the demands for time-and-a-half for overtime work. The managers contend that the eight-hour day and the cognate questions are inseparable, and that if they granted the one they would be going far towards granting the others. The intricacy of the problem lies in the fact that it is hard to say what the present hours for trainmen are. It is hard to say whether an eight-hour shift would, considering the distance between terminals, the American roads and grades, and the character of freight, be practicable. It is hard to say whether the railways would make an earnest effort thus to shorten the day if there were not a punitive rate for overtime hanging over them. No one can forecast the effect of any increase in pay, direct and indirect, upon the railways' finances, upon freight rates, and upon other employees. The eight-hour day is obviously very different in the management of railways from that in other industries, and it is a debated question whether it is justifiable. The railways have held that the men actually want, not the eight-hour day, but the higher overtime pay; the men that the hours are really too great a tax upon them.

It should be kept clear that the men are paid upon whichever one of two optional bases will give the larger compensation. The average division is a hundred miles long, and this constitutes a day's freight run—the railways acting on the principle that the run takes ten hours. If it is completed in less than ten, the men are paid the regular day's wage. If it requires over ten, they are paid for every hour overtime at the usual rate. Mr. Garretson has said that the overtime is frequent and sometimes cruel:

> For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, a total of 261,332 men are recorded as exceeding 16 hours. But that does not tell you much unless you get the subdivisions of the 261,000. Seventy-one thousand of these cases were between 17 and 18 hours, 70,000 more between 17 and 18 hours, 40,000 above 18 hours and less than 19 hours, 40,000 above 20 and less than 21 hours. Then they run in the thousands till there were 1,095 cases above 27 and less than 28 hours.

Such detailed figures are hard to get, but the *Survey* has quoted from the Interstate Commerce Commission to show that last year 819 of the carriers of the country reported that no excess service was permitted upon their lines, while the remaining 419 reported a total of 78,940 instances of excess service above the statutory sixteen hours. The railways have not denied these figures, but they point out that the fact that the hours are often long and irregular has been made the ground by various arbitral boards for the fixing of high rates of pay; that on slow trains the men are under slight pressure, and often idle at sidings; and that railway men have shown a preference for these longer runs. The men say in reply to this last that the only way they can earn a sufficient income is by working during excess hours.

The question of the practicability of the eight-hour shift does not mean altogether what it seems; for in one statement the brotherhoods have said that they demand only the retention of the average hundred-mile run with a new general schedule of 12½ miles an hour. In cases where the division was 125 or 150 miles long—as on a down-grade in the West—overtime would begin only after ten or twelve hours at this speed-rate. The brotherhoods maintain that the average 100-mile division can be completed in eight hours. Some 78 per cent. of the freight runs of the country, they say, are already on this basis, and half of all the rest could be placed there by shortening trains. But the length of the trains, the railways contend, is dictated by the fact that long slow trains offer the cheapest way of bringing freight great distances, while upon them accidents are fewer. To add two or three miles an hour to the running time of the freights would make necessary higher freight rates. And they point to the brotherhoods' admission that the time of only half the slow freights, or 11 per cent. of all, could be shortened. On more than one-tenth the runs, by their opponents' own calculations, they would have to pay time-and-a-half overtime. An engineer who now gets $5 for running 100 miles in ten hours would henceforth get $5.50 for the same run. The total extra cost the railways estimate at from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year. The ordinary manufacturer can regulate his overtime, they add, and has none except when extra profits are to be made. The railways' overtime is caused by congestion of traffic, weather, accidents, or other causes beyond its control. Finally, the railways compute the workers' compensation as already high—ranging from $1,020 a year to $1,760—while the workers state that this computation was made without considering the fluctuating numbers of employees.

The one prominent counter-demand of the railways has been that for the abolition of "double compensation" for non-routine work done during time of routine service. If the crew of a through freight, for example, is compelled to stop an hour to unload a car, and then pursues its run, finishing in the prescribed time, it is now paid for a full day and an hour's extra time for the unloading. This the roads would do away with. But their demand seems likely to fall out of the controversy, leaving the eight-hour day uppermost. President Wilson evidently believes that the proper course is to test the short day in actual practice, leaving a higher rate of pay for overtime and all other matters to slower settlement. It would seem that if workers really wanted no extra pay, but only the eight-hour working period, they might defer their "punitive" demands till it was shown that the short day was not otherwise enforceable.

LYING TO AND ABOUT THE FILIPINOS.

Senator McLean, of Connecticut, taunted the Democrats—"We are trying to help you do something and to stop lying to these Filipinos," said Mr. McLean.

It was not from a high moral standpoint that the Senator from Connecticut taunted the Democrats. He was speaking of the preamble to the bill adopted by a large majority, which declares that it is the intention of the people of the United States to grant independence to the Philippines when "a stable Government has been established." And the point he was at pains to make was that the Democrats, in setting forth this promise, were lying almost as badly as the Republicans, who have repeatedly asserted through the mouth of Republican Presidents that the Filipinos would receive their independence as soon as they were ready for it. Mr. McLean's remarks were an invitation to the Democrats to come into camp and declare ourselves all liars in the past, and then as practical men to go about doing something really useful for the people of the islands. The way in which the Republican Senators tried to help the Administration to do something for the Filipinos was by casting not a single vote in support of a bill which does grant the natives larger powers of self-government, which gives them an entire elective Legislature of their own, and which provides for the increase of the electorate from 200,000 to about 800,000. Mr. McLean's speech taken in conjunction with the Republican votes apparently lays down the proposition

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that since we have been lying all this time to the Filipinos, we should lie as hard as we can.

Equally cynical in intent, if not in expression, was Senator Borah's statement of principles. He had voted before this for Philippine independence:

> While I have no change of view with respect to the wisdom of that vote—I have become thoroughly convinced that the American people as a people, regardless of party and party pledges, are in favor of holding the Philippine Islands. I rise to impress on the Filipino people the lesson which I gathered, and that is that they should adjust themselves to the fact that they are a part of the United States and will remain so permanently.

This lays down the rule of conduct for statesmen that even when they are convinced not only of the righteousness but of the "wisdom" of a principle, they must bend before the popular will. Senator Borah may have thus scored a point against an Administration which has lived up to the same rule of expediency, which in March was hot for Philippine independence, and in May ran to "practical" considerations. Yet it is for Senator Borah still to show that this will of the people with regard to the Philippines has been expressed so unmistakably as to compel a statesman to abandon his own views of what is right and expedient. The Clarke amendment was beaten in the House on May 1 by 213 votes to 165. A change of twenty-five votes would have put the amendment through; and that is not an overwhelming declaration of public opinion which the earnest insistence of men like Mr. Borah who believed in the wisdom of Philippine independence might not have overcome.

Formal notice has thus been served on the Philippines by the party which is now assailing Mr. Wilson because of his slack defence of the national honor that, if it should come into power, and as long as it should remain in power, the implied contract between the people of the United States and the people of the Philippines will be void. Philippine independence was frustrated by Irish Congressmen whose hearts beat differently when it was a question of Ireland's right to freedom. The permanent subjection of the Filipinos is advocated by men who have freely accused the President of playing a cowardly part in the war that is being waged by the Allies in behalf of small nationalities. The details of the arguments for breaking faith with the Filipinos would find a hearty reception in the upper house of the Prussian Diet. German wealth has been spent in the conquest of Belgium, German blood has been poured out, and Germany's moral title to the Belgian land is established. For Belgium read the Philippines. And if we need a parallel to German calumnies about Belgian snipers and Belgian plotters, we have it in the stories about the disorganization of the Philippine Government, and the story of that formidable "rebellion" which threatened at Manila at a time when the prospects for Philippine independence were bright in Congress. Mr. McLean's statement was not complete. The Filipinos have not only been lied to, but they have been lied about.

In view of the fact that the defeat of the Clarke amendment was not brought about by the will of the American people on a specifically American issue, in view of what competent military and naval authorities have said regarding the handicap imposed by the islands on any scheme of national defence, we refuse to believe that the opinion of the American people is so permanently set as to justify the surrender by friends of the Filipinos of their own opinions regarding the wisdom of redeeming our pledge to the people of the islands. The Republicans are welcome to whatever satisfaction they may derive from Democratic vacillation. So long as the promise of ultimate independence for the Philippines is reiterated by a party in power, the people of the islands may continue to demonstrate their capacity for self-government on the broader scale granted them in reliance upon the better conscience and judgment of the American people.

"PROSPERITY MAINTAINED BY WAR."

All the traditions of Presidential campaigns made it inevitable, long before this year's nominations, platforms, and speeches of acceptance, that the canvass would this time largely direct itself to the question of Prosperity. The party out of power and striving to regain it is always as greatly handicapped by the fact of profitable business and full employment of labor as the party in power and striving to retain it is favored by the same conditions. More than one campaign, even of our very recent political history, has been made up chiefly of heated argument over the question whether the existing prosperity was "real" or not. Usually, when such a campaign was well advanced, the attacks of Opposition stump speakers on Prosperity, their scorn and ridicule of it, became as acrimonious as if Prosperity were a hated individual. Sober-minded people were accustomed to smile at these performances, never taking them seriously. It was only one phase of the picturesque exaggeration common to Presidential campaigns.

Evidently this campaign will provide no exception. But we doubt if thinking men will find the customary amusement in it. Our own country, along with the rest of the world, is passing through a profoundly interesting chapter of economic history. The influences which the war has brought to bear on the world's industry and finance are of unprecedented scope. The very first months of war taught us that the experience of past wars was no sure guide to the probable course of events in this one. Specific prophecies, by the best-informed financiers and business men of Europe and this country, have turned out to be completely erroneous. In the United States, the phenomena of this revival of war-time business have been extraordinarily complex. How much of it was due to the "war munition exports"; how much to enormous grain harvests in the face of scarcity elsewhere in the world; how much to confidence born of our new and scientific banking system; how much to the flow of neutral capital to our markets for safe-keeping; how much to the country's natural recovery of economic power after the long financial readjustment following 1907—these questions have engaged the thought of the wisest statesmen and economists. The questions have not been conclusively answered. Yet on the answer to them must necessarily depend all intelligent forecast of the financial condition in the United States after the war.

It is that well-known situation which causes a feeling of impatience, not to say irritation, at the references to the subject by Mr. Hughes. If Bryan or even McKinley were the Opposition candidate, these easy, cock-sure, and (we are sorry to say) more or less flippant assertions regarding the economic present and future would be taken as a matter of course. But Mr. Hughes surely owed something better to his hearers.

We do not at present propose to discuss the probable economic aftermath of war. It is a question too large and complicated to be settled offhand in a few epigrammatic sentences. That the whole world is certain to feel the consequences of this prodigious waste of capital, human energy, and national resources, there is no room for doubt. An eminent English economist has asserted that it was half a century before Europe had fully recovered from the financial effects of the Napoleonic wars. How long the process will occupy this time, when and in what

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form it will first appear, whether (as Lloyd George predicted in 1914) the full severity of reaction will not be felt until four or five years after return of peace—these are questions of detail. As to the general fact, there can be no question whatever. Our own economic future will inevitaby be influenced by this readjustment elsewhere; but it is not by any means a certainty, what precise form the effect on America will take.

This concerns the obscure and perplexing future. Mr. Hughes was at least warranted in his statement that "the test will come when the war is over." We suppose, however, that somewhat the same remark might have been made regarding the country's great prosperity of 1901 and 1902. The test came at that time in another form; it was severe; yet it showed that, although undoubtedly the heights to which prosperity had risen were "temporary," nevertheless the basis was real and permanent. Moreover, no intelligent man was so simple as to insist that its basis was purely a high protective tariff, and that the way to keep Prosperity forever at its climax of 1901 was to raise the duties higher.

From one position taken by Mr. Hughes we feel bound to express very positive dissent. We mean the constant intimation that the reaction in business immediately before the war was solely the result of "Democratic policies" (notably the lower tariff) and that only the outbreak of war saved us from something worse. We are aware of the extent to which this theory permeated the brain of the business community at the time; but we can hardly conceive a more narrow and purblind view of an economic situation.

Unquestionably, our industrial and financial markets were disordered and depressed during the whole of 1913. But if "the Democratic tariff" did it all, then how came it that conditions in Europe were even worse, though exactly similar in kind? The answer is not difficult, and it is not the answer which is suggested by the stump-speech economics of the day. In 1912, there was visible in this country practically every familiar sign of that great revival in trade which invariably follows the five or six years of after-panic retrenchment and readjustment.

Our exports broke all records; so did our bank exchanges, our production of iron, our railway earnings. Experience had indicated that this might be 1898 or 1879 over again, under similar conditions. Then, in the autumn of 1912, the Balkan War broke out. To-day we can better understand why that event was to political and financial Europe the handwriting on the wall. From that day forward, even the industrial communities of the world never abandoned the policy of reserve, caution, and preparation for the coming crisis. Such a process meant curtailment of activity, abatement of visible prosperity, in every market of the world—not least in those of the United States, concerning which we are nowadays seemingly asked to believe that but for the "Tariff of 1913," enacted a full year later, all would have continued to go well. Serious economic history is not based on such foolishness.

THE NEW TECHNIQUE OF SEA-FIGHTING.

A careful reading of the report of Admiral Jellicoe on the naval battle off Jutland reveals many interesting technical matters. It took the Admiral more than three weeks to get together the facts from his subordinates. It was an extremely difficult battle to report because much of it was fought in fog or in darkness, the various squadrons going into action at great distances from each other in ignorance of what was happening, save as the wireless informed them. This is the striking feature of the great sea-fight. When the whole history of it is written there will be no more interesting part than the story of the wireless and signal officers who made possible such cohesion as there was. Without the Marconi the battle must have been entirely different. No such mighty armada as the British ever went into action before; it could not have been kept under control by any other agency.

To the layman the tactics of the British seem simple enough—having located the enemy on the afternoon of May 31 they sought to throw themselves between him and his bases. They tried to lure him off his course by using the battle cruisers as bait; they fought as they came in touch with their destroyers, their light cruisers, and next their battle cruisers, with the heaviest battleships making such efforts to come up that some of them exceeded the speed they had made on their trial trips. But when the dawn came the German ships were nowhere to be seen. They had successfully withdrawn to home ports. Any German claim to a victory must rest upon this fact. It is not easy to retreat fighting in the presence of a much stronger adversary, even with a condition of low visibility.

The Germans in their latest accounts of the battle have modified their early transports. In a recent semi-official survey they speak of the "inconclusive results." That it was an inconclusive action is thoroughly confirmed by Admiral Jellicoe. He cheerfully and generously bears witness to the courage of his foe, in accordance with the best English traditions: "The enemy fought with the gallantry that was expected of him." Jellicoe particularly admired the conduct of a German light cruiser which passed down the British line firing from the only gun it was able to serve. All this is the handsomer in view of the great disappointment that the naval war could not have been wound up that day, because "the evening mist and fading light robbed the fleet" of the complete success it had striven for. How the fog interfered is shown by Admiral Beatty's report. At 6:52 P. M. he lost all sight of the enemy for 20 minutes, and again at 7:45 for 35 minutes. At 8:40 the Germans disappeared. During the intervals when they were sighted Beatty fired at a range of 15,000 yards. This is a far cry from the old days when, at the coming of darkness, the ships hauled off and watched each other light battle-lanterns before politely renewing the action at arms' length.

As for the use of the new devices, the most dramatic was the launching of a sea-plane from the British auxiliary Engadine. To identify four enemy cruisers, the aircraft flew at a height of only 900 feet within 3,000 yards of these vessels, which fired with every gun that bore. Twenty-two minutes after this plane arose the Engadine was receiving wireless reports from the observers flying in that terrific fire. Next in interest were the attacks of the destroyer flotillas, raids in unison by these "cavalry of the seas" being attempted, without, however, producing decisive results. As they sought to torpedo German battle cruisers, eight British destroyers ran into a flotilla of fifteen enemy destroyers and a light cruiser, with the result that the fiercest kind of action at close range took place. If there is any naval lesson to be drawn from these encounters of destroyers they are not to be deduced from the reports thus far printed. Many questions raised by the action must go unanswered until the war is over. But enough has appeared to make it difficult to believe that any new light was shed upon either modern tactics or the values of the several types of vessels. Jellicoe gives several instances of the sighting of submarines during the action, but their presence is denied by the Germans. They insist that the speed of the fleet was so great that no submarine could have kept up with it. As for

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Zeppelins, Admiral Jellicoe has nothing to say that bears out the early English reports that the Germans were helped by the presence of several of them. The Germans themselves—one eye-witness in particular—seem positive that they were without this new type of fighting craft.

By the side of the Admiral, upon whose shoulders rested the unprecedented task of manœuvring and fighting this great English armada, worked a dozen officers. Two secretaries did nothing but record everything that was going on as it happened. The "master of the fleet" paid attention only to keeping the reckoning. Two skilled officers devoted themselves to interpreting the reports and plotting the movement of the two fleets, so that the commander might have what was happening on paper before him. To his chief of staff, who stood at his elbow, he declares that he owes "more than I can say." We are a long way from the time when our best American Admiral could damn the torpedoes, mount the shrouds, and direct his fleet from them, with an aide or two near him. One wonders what would have happened if a chance shell had wiped out Jellicoe and his great staff! The Admiralty in London received the news that there was an engagement at hand about thirty-six hours before any clear story of the result arrived. What must have been the state of mind of those in the secret, who so long had to keep to themselves the news that England's mastery of the seas was at stake?

LABOR IN WAR TIME AND AFTER.

For the first time since the outbreak of the war we have something like a fair basis for estimating the dislocation of labor in Great Britain, and the problem involved in reinstating labor after the war. This problem has been engaging attention in Germany for a long time, and is now being seriously taken up in England. The form in which it appears most often is the question of the women workers. A crisis has been feared when the men come back from the trenches and find their places in the factory occupied by women. Like so many other discussions connected with the war, the subject has been clouded by a loose and extravagant use of figures. Thus a Demobilization Committee which has been organized in London announces that the task confronting the nation is to find employment for "between three and four million sailors and soldiers and simultaneously for at least two million munition workers, including large numbers of women and children." This clearly implies that five million vacancies will have to be found after the war, with the suggestion that such vacancies will not be available. Whereas a study of the figures shows that the vacancies will be there and that the problem is one rather of devising a system for bringing the returned soldier into connection with a job with the least waste of time and friction.

In 1911 the number of males engaged in gainful occupations in England and Scotland was about 13,000,000. At the outbreak of the war there may have been an additional half million. The new armies and the navy have taken roughly about five million men. The number of war workers, which in 1914 was almost exactly 1,200,000, has risen, according to an authoritative statement, to 3,500,000. Of this increase about 300,000 are accounted for by women. If we allow for the employment of children, it would appear that one and three-quarter millions of men have been drafted into war work at home. This number added to the new armies shows that the war has claimed nearly seven million men, or more than half the working population of England and Scotland, and surely more than half of the adult working population. To what extent and in what manner has the gap been filled? In 1911 there were in England and Scotland two and a half million males described as without occupation. They should be made up of the unemployed poor, the idle rich, and the superannuated men. In 1911 there were in Great Britain about 2,200,000 men over the age of sixty-five, of whom the larger part were probably unoccupied. The older members of this class would be unavailable even in war time; but assuming that the idle rich and unemployed poor have gone either into the armies or into munition work, we may take it that perhaps a million and a half have been drawn from this source to make up the drain of seven million younger men for the war. This still leaves a deficiency of five and a half million men. Who have taken their places?

The readiest answer is, the women. But a moment's thought would show that so tremendous an inrush of female labor is impossible, and the figures published by the Board of Trade show how exaggerated are popular notions on this point. The number of women workers in all fields except domestic labor up to last April had increased since the outbreak of the war by 634,000. Of this number it is estimated that at least 100,000 have been drawn from the domestic service class, so that the net increase since the war is something over half a million. Plainly this half million of women cannot make up a deficiency of five and a half million male workers. And when we throw in the children who have been drafted in large numbers, especially for agricultural work, the refugee Belgians, and the importation of labor from neutral countries which has been going on to some extent, the gap is still an enormous one. Of course, those who do work now in England work much longer hours and under greater pressure than before. But after all allowances have been made it is still true that the labor of perhaps as many as four million men has not been replaced, and that England is simply making shift to do without. The occupations dealing in luxuries and comforts have been depleted, and even necessities are sacrificed.

As to the sex-war that is predicted when the men come home to claim their jobs, the figures cited show that the situation has been greatly exaggerated. Say that before peace comes there will be a million women at work who have never worked before; against that we must check off the sombre tale of the casualty lists. The dead and the hopelessly crippled will come very near to balancing the number of women workers, and we may take it as certain that after the war a large number of women will gladly give up the exhausting tasks which they have taken up and which they are able to perform only under the stress of war fever. Female competition will be probably felt not in industry, but in the professions and clerical employment. The number of women in industry since the war, including munitions, has increased by 290,000, but in commerce, a much narrower field, the increase has been 180,000. These are the salesman and clerical jobs which women will be least inclined to give up. The position of the English "clerk," always a hard one, is not likely to be improved by the war.

The situation has a direct bearing on the "danger" threatening this country after the war as conjured up by fervid partisan minds. On the one hand, we are to be glutted with the product of the European factories once the men in the trenches return to work. On the other hand, we are to be swamped by an immigration of European labor. But nations that have been deprived for probably three years of half their working male population and have had to do without a great many necessities and comforts will turn first to supplying their own needs. They will require their labor to restore life to something like a normal basis. And shipping companies on this side are reported to be preparing for a vast emigration to Europe.

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Foreign Correspondence

TERMS OF PEACE—WHAT NEUTRALS CANNOT DO.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 29.

The French people and, for the most part, the French press are far too much taken up with their own life-and-death struggle to pay attention to neutrals' plans in their behalf. Sympathy with their suffering, charity to relieve their sorest need, individual utterances bearing authority and proclaiming the justice of their cause—all are gratefully recorded and will be remembered when war, too, is but a memory. This is already a great step towards the Amity of Nations, that is, of certain nations. The well-meaning but undiscerning and often officious plans of individuals or associations in neutral countries for patching up a peace between the nations now at war are not so happy. Sometimes the thought which seems to underlie them and sometimes the words in which they are expressed sound strange, even when they do not shock men and families and whole peoples fighting for their lives and their homes, and that their children may live after them.

Last year, with kind intent which no one for an instant dreams of doubting, the students of forty and more American colleges met and resolved concerning the "misunderstanding" among European nations and how best to arbitrate it. The French were quite sure there was no misunderstanding on their side, and they understood very clearly there was nothing to arbitrate. This year the students of as many colleges resolve that the warring sides might express their "terms of peace" to some benevolent neutral authority, President Wilson, for example, who would interest himself in bringing them together—apparently to split their differences.

I have not found one Frenchman—or one Frenchwoman—patient enough to try to understand this. On the Fourteenth of July—the Independence Day of France—President Poincaré, who can hardly have heard of the students' resolutions, set against them propositions which are self-evident to every French mind and heart. He was speaking to five hundred families, each of which had father or son killed in this war.

"Old parents whose best reasons for living were centred in the love of your son; young wives whose grace and weakness leaned on the arm of the husband you shall see no more; youth that lovingly confided your dreams for the future to a father who shall never come back—all of you have sacrificed to inexorable duty the dearest objects of your affection. This tearing asunder of your soul you have borne without noise or ostentation or bitterness, not in a spirit of fatalist renunciation, but with the calm, reflecting will to do your duty to your menaced country. . . . We should not weaken, even if it were for honor only that we were struggling—but our struggle is for our honor and for our life. To be or not to be—that is the burning question which the conscience of European nations has to face; and for a free democracy like ours it would be not to be to vegetate painfully in the suffocating and unwholesome shadow of a German Empire strong enough to spread over all Europe its heavy hegemony.

"No! By the mourning of French families, by the long torment of our invaded regions, by our soldiers' blood, we shall not let our sufferings soften our wills. The more our horror of war is, the more passionately we should work to prevent its coming again, the more we should wish and will that peace bring us, with the total restitution of our invaded provinces—invaded yesterday or invaded forty-six years ago—the reparation of the rights which have been violated at the expense of France or her allies and the guarantees which are necessary to safeguard our National Independence."

Such words are not read sufficiently in America—or they are taken to have been said in an official sense. It may be of small importance internationally that President Poincaré's family home should have been bombarded by German shells which tore up and scattered the dead bodies of his fathers where they had been laid in their graves for generations; but every Frenchman feels it is of the greatest importance to all humanity that the invader shall not be suffered to take his neighbor's field and keep it by might of killing. A Walloon workman of Belgium is in a German prison camp because he stepped from amid his fellows and for all of them spoke the same mind to the German military authority: "In God's name, we don't work for those who are killing our children."

The high authority of Lord Bryce has come in these last days to help persuade neutrals that intervention for arbitration and compromise is not possible in this war. The Federal Government of Switzerland has just denied peremptorily that it has been communicating with other neutral Governments to that end. It is not likely that neutrals will be admitted to intervene until that second phase of peace negotiations when the interests of neutrals are immediately concerned. It is easy to foresee this with the slightest knowledge of the elementary feeling—love stronger than death—which is involved.

General Grant's demand for "Unconditional Surrender" had its single warrant in the force of arms, but here are several. I know no Frenchman—or Frenchwoman—who imagines for one moment that German armies cannot be beaten back and beaten finally, or, as some neutrals seem to conceive, that the war can end only by mutual extermination or mutual compromise. There are four things which, according to the French view, cannot be compromised, even by the best good-will of neutrals.

First, unconditionally Germans must evacuate all Belgium, including Antwerp, and all France, including Alsace and Lorraine. "Whether invaded yesterday or invaded forty-six years ago" is President Poincaré's formula. Looking around me where I have been receiving the actions and reactions of French feeling for a lifetime, I cannot imagine any French Government strong enough with its own people to admit any condition in this demand.

Before this last war, it might have been possible to speak of "buffer" countries and neutral zones—but where is neutrality now? The Belgians, whose country was not only neutral, but "neutralized" internationally, can answer that. A Swiss financier has started the idea that, for his own country, it will be necessary after the war to constitute a neutral belt all the way from Switzerland to the sea—and this would have to include, not Alsace-Lorraine alone, but all Germany by the Rhine down to Belgium again and Holland. Perhaps neutrals might propose that compromise to Germany or it might furnish a bright idea to those who may discuss disarmament when Prussian militarism has been disposed of.

Neutrals who balk at any mention of including Alsace-Lorraine in the coming peace—which means that it will crop up in the coming war—might remember the human data. Some two million human beings, without their consent being asked and against their known will, were subjected to German government by force of arms in 1871, and—witness Zabern and Leutnant von Forstner with innumerable other examples—were held subjected until this war. It is true 350,000 real Germans have been brought into Alsace-Lorraine meanwhile and have occupied all posts of responsibility as judges, schoolmasters, public officials, to the exclusion of natives. Their "vested rights" based on what has never ceased to be a state of violence cannot be made to offset the inalienable rights of the 350,000 exiles whose place these real Germans have taken. This very week one of the "expatriated," Madame Saint-Morand, has written from her refuge in Switzerland:

"Last spring, when the lamentable crowd of those who were to be evacuated came to the railway station, they took from parents all children from one to seven years of age. The scenes of desolation, of heartrending supplication, were atrocious. We know not what has become of these little children—perhaps some day they will be turned into hostages or used as bucklers. And to such expatriated beings, whose ruin was consummated, whose children were taken from them, these ironic words were flung: 'Ah, yes! You may well be sad to go away, for this time you will see your country no more. After the war, we shall people Alsace with real Germans, so that it can be and can stay Germanized once for all.'"

The second unconditional demand is that Germany's responsibility shall be established for all her destruction and confiscation in France and Belgium contrary to all accepted rights of nations. The Allies have made legal documentation of this—even in Servia and Poland. This week it is said from Lodz that all the factory machinery has been carted off to Germany—a two years' experience of France and Belgium. Whether Germany can ever reconstruct and pay back is another question. And whether financial and economic servitudes can be made to take the place of indemnities may be matter of discussion in the second phase of peace negotiations. Even then neutrals will have to remember that there is no "crushing" of the German people in allowing them to suffer the natural consequences of their military aggression, and that leaving the injured party to suffer his loss alone would be to compromise justice. That would be an instance of the old rhyme—

> German law-confounders,
> Neutral law-compounders.

These two unconditional demands of the Allies—which they must fight to the end to enforce—come under President Poincaré's "reparation of violated rights." The two others fall under his "guarantees to safeguard National Independence."

The third unconditional demand is accordingly the reduction of Prussian militarism to the permanent impossibility of committing

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another such aggression. This is not mutual disarmament, such as pacifists dream. That can hardly come up in the coming peace negotiations, not even in the neutrals' second phase.

It is well there should be no illusion about this. The French Parliament is already taking measures to obtain a completer military training for the youth of France when this war is over—to prevent effectively another. Switzerland does not talk of diminishing her militia, which has once more prevented the violation of her territory. Of course, it would be an equal delusion to confound preparedness or militarism, even of the obnoxious kind, with Prussian militarism. This, owing to an entire people's physical, mental, and moral upbringing in it, is the unique Phœnix whose rising from its ashes must be scotched—else our own civilization is done for.

The fourth unconditional demand—and this neutrals will have to consider unconditionally also—is the remaking of international law with a binding force of treaties. Otherwise—*actum est de Republica*—it is the end of human commonwealths and only Hegemony shall remain with might making right. And this perhaps has been the prime issue of all this war. Its incarnation is in Belgian and French peasants bending over the ashes of their homes of a thousand years, with their sons lying beneath the battlefields. It is they who cry to neutrals that there are no terms of peace and no conditions. Nor need neutrals be obfuscated by this, for Clausewitz defines Victory—the destruction of the enemy's military power and the defeat of the enemy's will.

"THE MOST DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY."

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, July 29.

In a special degree Ireland is subject to the condition Pope recognized as dominating mankind. She never is but always to be blest. Ten days ago it seemed not only possible but certain that this long-established custom had been evaded. The incredible had happened. Under the inspiration of the Great Pacificator, Mr. Redmond, as representing the Irish Nationalist party, and Sir Edward Carson, the trusted spokesman for Ulster, agreed upon what Mr. Redmond on moving the adjournment of the House fully and accurately described as "a series of proposals for a temporary and provisional settlement of the Irish question as a war emergency measure."

This stage reached, the way seemed clear. Least of all was trouble expected from within the Cabinet. The newly appointed War Minister, in response to the unanimous request of his colleagues, had reluctantly undertaken the thankless office of mediator. The burden long borne by him more than sufficed for one man's strength. Patriotically recognizing the gravity of the situation, desirous above all things to avoid domestic disunion, fatal to the unbroken front the Empire must present to the enemy in carrying on the war, he accepted the mission. As in earlier tasks undertaken by him in the same spirit, success seemed for a while to attend his efforts. Neither Ulster nor the Nationalist party enthusiastically approved the settlement as originally drafted and finally accepted by their authorized and trusted plenipotentiaries. But it was recognized that in striking a bargain neither party to it can claim all the advantage. There was fair give-and-take on both sides, and on that principle settlement was arrived at.

The pacificators reckoned without taking into account an influence that on one side or the other has for a century kept the sister islands parted by something more impassable than the sea. In purely English politics—as for example in dealing with the Corn Laws or Parliamentary Reform—extreme partisans, having made their protest and fought their fight, accept defeat and the consequent situation. In dealing with political questions they manage things differently in Ireland, a tendency that infects political parties on this side of the water. The disposition is illustrated in the letter published by Lord Hugh Cecil in default of opportunity of expressing in debate his views on the crisis that has suddenly plunged the current phase of the everlasting Irish question into the melting-pot. Sir Edward Carson's commentary on the virile epistle goes to the root of the matter. "All Lord Hugh's arguments and criticism," he writes, "fall to the ground when we remember that the Home Rule act is on the statute book, a fact he ignores." That is indisputable. Nevertheless, Lord Hugh represents with exceptional brilliancy a section of the Unionist party who have forced the hand of their representatives in the Cabinet and compelled the Prime Minister, on pain of breaking up a Government whose thought and energy should be wholly centred on carrying on the war, to tear up the truce laboriously arranged by Mr. Lloyd George, and drive Mr. Redmond and his Parliamentary followers back upon the old familiar ways of uncompromising opposition.

So far as the position of the Ministry is concerned, this is a turn of events that lacks its former measure of importance. Time was when the Irish Nationalist leader with full-disciplined force of fourscore votes held (to use a favorite phrase of a past day) the fate of the Ministry in the hollow of his hand. Among other things, the war has changed all that. By one of the little ironies of life, hostile action on the part of the Home Rulers in the House of Commons is effective against a Liberal Ministry only when, as happened in connection with the budget of 1885, a temporary alliance is arranged with the Unionist party. In the present state of affairs such concatenation of circumstance is impossible. The Coalition Government is safe from attack in the division lobby by irate Nationalists. All the same, remembering the part which Irishmen since the outbreak of the war have played in Parliament and on the battlefield, the threatened rupture would be most deplorable.

Mr. Asquith declares that a bill dealing afresh with the question can be drafted and brought in only as the result of a settlement arrived at between the contending parties. After the experience of the past week, that is not a hopeful outlook. Upon the face of it no settlement could be more absolutely conclusive than that privily reached by Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond with Mr. Lloyd George as the designated representative of the Cabinet. Happily, Mr. Asquith, constitutionally sanguine, does not despair, a confidence justified by the remarkable succession of desperate dilemmas from which he has during the present session dexterously delivered himself and his Government. Up to the present time of writing, nothing has happened to carry matters further than they were left on Monday night. By Monday next, when fresh debate arises upon Mr. Dillon's resolution calling upon the Government to disclose their plan for the future government of Ireland during the continuance of the war, the Premier will have a definite statement to make. One thing is clear. Matters cannot further drift at the mercy of accident or the growth of faction on one side or the other. It may be, as it is written, the duty of the Opposition to oppose. It is incontestably the duty of the Government to govern, and Mr. Asquith may certainly be counted upon to fulfil it.

Notes from the Capital

CHARLES CURTIS.

The stage Englishman of the early '70s, whose sporting ambition was to visit New York and shoot Indians on Broadway, might, if he had lived till now, have chosen Washington for his hunting-ground and set up his shooting-box in the Senate, where two Indians are conspicuous contributors to the current grist of legislation. They sit on opposite sides of the chamber, and outwardly are as dissimilar in type as in politics. Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, is tall, erect, square-faced, thin-lipped, with a stern and rather forbidding cast of countenance; Charles Curtis, of Kansas, is of medium height and moderately stout, with a swarthy complexion in which the yellow rather than the red tint predominates. He looks good-natured, and his face lights up pleasantly as he smiles. This is a pretty fair index of his disposition, and doubtless accounts in part for his general popularity at home. But it must not be mistaken for a sign of weakness, for such a shortcoming can hardly be charged against a man who has worked his way up from nowhere through the variety of callings that he has followed, or who signalized his entrance into public life by a relentless and successful war upon the liquor traffic in his county.

Curtis, who is still well on the near side of sixty, derives his Indian blood from his grandmother, a Kaw woman, who always lived with her own people on a reservation. The present Senator passed a great part of his early boyhood with her, going to school in Council Grove, near by. One day a war party of Cheyennes threatened the village, and a body of Kaws, getting wind of their plan, hid in a barn which the invaders would have to pass, and from that vantage-ground poured a shower of arrows into them which drove them off in confusion. Curtis's father, a white veteran of the Civil War, living in Topeka, concluded then that the lad would be safer in a better civilized community, and sent for him to come home. In Topeka he went to school for a few hours every day, but put in the rest of his time at such occupations as were within his reach, being at various times a newsboy and a peanut peddler, a horse-jockey and a cab-driver. As a jockey he undertook to break one particularly wild and vicious animal, and was nearly

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killed in the process, bearing the scars of his adventure to this day.

As he grew older Charles selected law for his profession, and one day startled A. H. Case, one of the leading lawyers of the neighborhood, by walking boldly into his office and announcing a desire to serve there as general-utility boy for the privilege of reading for the bar in the odd intervals. The many misgivings with which the attorney consented to take him in seem to have melted away soon, for with the office-boy's admission to practice there blossomed out the new law firm of Case & Curtis, and this partnership continued until the junior member entered politics.

After making his mark for efficiency as Prosecuting Attorney of Shawnee County for two terms, Curtis aspired to Congress. He was elected in 1892, and sat in the House for ten years as a Republican of the Kansas stripe—that is, generally favoring the legitimate measures of his party, but with a sharp squint towards Populism when such issues arose as the silver question or the expansion of the functions of the Government in matters ordinarily left to private enterprise. An opportunity offering in 1907, Curtis was appointed by the Governor to fill out an unexpired term in the United States Senate, and has stayed there by election ever since, except for two years when he was shut out by a technicality in party management, though the avowed choice of the people. In both houses Indian legislation naturally has interested him most, and his bent has always been towards getting the red race out of the bondage of wardship and incompetency as soon as practicable; but he never fails to go back and visit his tribe when it has a special festivity, and he has always drawn his share of tribal funds and income with the other members, and keeps his home on land which came to him through his Indian descent.

Political tradition credits Curtis with a dominating share in an incident which has borne remarkable historic fruit. When the Republican National Convention met in Philadelphia in 1900, Curtis was not a delegate, but spent a great deal of time at the Kansas headquarters, in consultation with the leaders there. Kansas was bound to put Roosevelt upon the ticket, come what might. It even threatened Mark Hanna that, unless he consented to having Roosevelt nominated for Vice-President, it would stir up an all-Western bolt against McKinley, and smash the programme of unanimity into smithereens. It was Curtis who played the part of negotiator in these proceedings. Roosevelt, after much debate, agreed to run if his nomination should come straight from the West; he was unwilling to take it from the East, as that would be a substantial victory for the Platt crowd, whom he had accused of trying to "shelve" him for their own purposes. Curtis pledged himself that it should be a super-saturated, full-measure, properly labelled, stamped, and advertised Western boom, and the bargain was struck. It had been intended at first that Kansas should make the speech presenting Roosevelt as its candidate; but Iowa felt so sore over the submergence of Dolliver that Curtis suggested that Iowa should take the honor, and "Lafe" Young, of Des Moines, was selected to make the presentation speech and start the stampede. All the world knows what followed.

TATTLER.

The Casuistry of Lynch Law

By HERBERT L. STEWART.

Any one who has been present while the *pros and cons of lynching were discussed* by the occupants of a railway car, or by the loungers in a hotel smokeroom, must have got an insight, if not into lynch law, at least into some laws of human psychology, and into some varieties of mankind. Some such argument as the following not uncommonly develops.

The matter is broached, perhaps, by a lately arrived Englishman, who has read in his newspaper about some horrible occurrence in Georgia or Texas, and who asks with true British naïveté why "the police" did not interfere. A raucous laugh from his companions conveys to him that his question must have been unutterably foolish. He is quickly made to understand that when a mob in Georgia or Texas chooses to set upon a black man, tie him to a pillar upon the stage of a music-hall, take potshots at him with revolvers from innumerable points in the auditorium, finally anoint him with petrol and set him on fire, it is recognized in that community that a policeman's wisdom is to keep out of sight. Some one in the group, pitying a foreigner's simplicity, will explain that lynch law is the white woman's guarantee against rape by niggers, that, of course, it is *prima facie* rather shocking, but it is quite necessary, and in the South one soon gets used to it. Rough and ready justice, to be sure, but what else can be done? Surely, no one would apologize for these bestial blacks. The executioners are good fellows at heart, and they mean well. Remember Browning:

> Sustainers of society—perchance
> A trifle over-hasty with the hand
> To hold her tottering ark, had tumbled else;
> But that's a splendid fault whereat we wink,
> Wishing your cold correctness sparkled so.

The tale is taken up by the inevitable person who was "born and raised in Georgia," who has listened just about enough to long-distance estimates, and who wishes that "pussy-footed editors" in New York were forced to venture their own womankind for six months amid the dangers of a colored population. He can tell the company that neither an Old Englander nor a New Englander knows anything about it, that you have got to live among the niggers of Georgia in order to realize what they are. What is the good of talking about law or police? The thing to remember about the nigger is that he is vain to the very core, that he is simply "tickled to death" at the thought of being placed, just like a white criminal, in a dock, with white attorneys arguing about him, white jurymen deliberating on his case, white reporters describing his exploits in the press (and presumably a white electrician ready to officiate at the chair). Why, it would only make a hero of him among his fellow-blacks. It would be a positive stimulus to crime. The thing to frighten him is fire, fire seven times heated, like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, and the sooner the New York *Nation* wakes up to that cardinal fact the better. As a sort of climax to the discussion, it often happens that one of the party, who has been regaling the rest with *risqué anecdotes, and boasting of his own* sensualities, will spring to his feet, and swear by his Maker that if ever he catches a black man who has dared to be unchaste, he will flay him alive with his own righteous hand.

We have all heard this again and again, and some of us have observed with astonishment the reluctance on such an occasion of humane and intelligent persons to venture a word of protest. The strident defender of lynching even gets a sort of admiration for his heroic wrath; has he not shown that he has "iron in the blood," the spirit of the Puritans, and so forth? And the silent listener probably fears to incur the suspicion of underestimating the heinousness of rape, or the still more distressing suspicion of an inferior refinement, which prevents him from realizing the immensity of the gulf between the races.

What relation has all this talk either to the facts of the case or to the principles on which all enlightened communities today deal with crime?

I.

It may require a residence in Georgia or Texas to discuss with knowledge the special psychology of the Southern negro, but we do not need to stir from home in order to appreciate the meaning of statistics, or to confront the tales of "men on the spot" with the evidence which the State papers of Georgia and Texas place at our disposal. What we find there is that the sexual crimes referred to will account for only an inconsiderable fraction of the lynchings which occur. Not seldom, for example, we read of the lynching of a black *woman*—a somewhat significant comment upon the motive of chivalry which is so much paraded. From time to time the same mob violence is used with complete impunity towards a white man, and we then know what to think of the argument *from the special passions and* peculiarities of the black. Last year a negro was lynched for the unspeakable offence of poisoning a mule. One day a victim is strung up to a telephone pole because he has dared to give evidence against a white man in a law court, thus showing his racial insolence. Next day a second is impaled because he has refused to give evidence, thus showing his racial contumacy. If he communicates information of crime to the police, he is lynched by the criminal's friends; if he fails to communicate such information, he is lynched by the criminal's enemies. If he makes himself obnoxious to a political clique, he can be readily got rid of, and no man will require his blood at another's hand.

In many instances it is impossible even to identify the pretended motive, and we can only conjecture that the sport was carried on in order to keep the sportsmen in practice.

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The truth upon the matter is plainly this, that in the lynching districts the habit is maintained far less because any special negro tendency calls for it than because on general grounds the white man there thinks it indispensable if the blacks are to be kept in their place. It is an instrument of racial terrorism, to be displayed periodically with cause or without cause, just to show who is master. Policy of this sort is soon reinforced by the easily awakened bloodlust of a mob; to-day a lynching seems to be demanded from time to time in Georgia much as the Roman proletariate called for *panem et circenses;* Americans elsewhere have to blush with shame, to think that there are men holding American citizenship whose nervous systems need the occasional "thrill" of a fellow-creature's agony.

No doubt the situation in places where there is a numerical preponderance of the colored race is an intricate and difficult one. It is more than a State problem; it is a national problem; and in solving it the Southerner is entitled not only to sympathy, but if need be to active help from his brethren. Some other method, however, than that of mediæval tortures must be devised, and the first step towards meeting it is that those concerned shall cease trying to deceive either themselves or others regarding its cause.

II.

For the sake of argument let us grant the pretext put forward to be as true as it has been shown to be false. Let us suppose that the prevention of rape is the genuine and the sole purpose of lynching. In what respect is mob violence likely to be a better deterrent than the regular action of law?

We need not, I think, lay much stress on the suggestion that a trial would make the negro famous. To tell us that he would "feel tickled to death" at the prospect of hanging or of electrocution, even by a white sheriff, is to make an undue demand upon our credulity. If his thirst to be notorious is so eccentric as has been alleged, the legal process could be so modified as to reduce this attractive feature to a minimum. A short, decisive hearing, with no public and no reporters, should not gratify him very deeply. But such an argument seems a little too absurd to dwell upon. What we hear more about is the danger of the law's delay, and the probability that justice would be cheated by the clemency of a State Governor. It may well be that such ineffectiveness of law in the past is part of the historical explanation of the lynching practice; but surely the time when a sort of vigilance committee had to take punitive measures into its own hand has now gone by. If not, the remedy is for Georgia and Texas to set their judicial house in order. They get just that sort of Governor and that sort of Judge whom public opinion demands. But it is difficult to believe that at the present day, before a court drawn from "men on the spot," the trial of a negro for criminal assault would be protracted like a London Chancery suit, or that the Governor—a man popularly selected—would be likely to interfere with the court's decision. Moreover, again and again, as in the recent case at Waco, when the death penalty had been pronounced, and when there was not the remotest chance of a reprieve, the savage orgy has taken place just the same.

Is it then that the penalties as fixed by law are insufficient? Is it necessary, as some have argued, for the object of deterrence, that death should be preceded by torture? Long ago civilized communities escaped from the fallacy of supposing that crime will be prevented in proportion as punishment is made more severe, and decided that, under no circumstances, should torture be applied. But let us admit for the moment that the ringleaders of a Georgia mob are wiser than all the criminal jurists in the world. If something worse than death should be imposed, by all means face the situation, and modify the code so as to provide for it. Whatever the punishment is to be, it will be better administered by public authority than by hooligan violence. At one time in Scotland thumbscrews and racks were held to be the only satisfactory means of spreading pure and undefiled religion. But they were applied by duly commissioned public officers; a doctor was in attendance to give such expert advice as would enable the maximum of excruciation to be inflicted, and would prevent, for example, the *faux pas* of inducing a premature swoon. The organism of the negro has special features, of which a man trained in comparative anatomy could, no doubt, take advantage in order to intensify the suffering. The thing would be more efficiently carried out, and the dangerous passions of the multitude would not be awakened.

III.

If this is a proposal which not even the most hardened pro-lyncher would face, does not this indicate that he has never really believed in his own position? What he wants to see done he wants at the same time to have done under circumstances which will relieve those who do it of personal responsibility. He "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win." He would not defend a definite barbarity, carried out by regular process, but he would deliberately let loose the brutalized impulses of a mob, that he may be able to lay the blame for the worst that may occur on a mob's uncontrollable passion. It is so satisfying to be able to speak in the refined rhetoric of the Governor of Georgia about the "burning, boiling, roaring cauldron of the soul" of somebody else. But the Nemesis of such a policy is never far off. Lawlessness which pleases you when it is on your side has an unfortunate tendency to change sides. Encourage a mob to strike wild blows on the merest suspicion, or on no suspicion, and you cannot predict where their blows will fall next. The cauldron will not always burn, roar, and boil precisely to order.

We are sometimes impatiently told that this matter is the business of the Southern States alone. It is nothing of the kind. As the *Nation* has repeatedly insisted, it concerns the honor of America as a whole. And, still more, it challenges the thought of every scientific student of criminology throughout the world. The advocates of lynch law have denied some of the most fundamental principles which had been reached in this field after laborious investigation. It is but fair that we should consider and judge what they have to say, and it is in view of this world-wide human interest that the present writer, although not an American citizen, has ventured to intervene. He is well aware of a people's sensitiveness to outside criticism. But in a previous contribution to criminological literature it was his pleasing duty to celebrate the efficiency and insight of American prison reformers. He has held up to public admiration their clear and timely sense of the problem to be solved, the scientific intelligence which they have brought to bear upon it, the judicious daring of their experiments, their resolute disregard of cavil, and, above all, in the special province of Recidivism, the excellence of their results as compared with those in the Old World. It is melancholy indeed that the horror enacted at Waco should find apologists among men of the same blood and brain as those who established the great model at Elmira. "With stupidity," mourned Schiller, "the gods themselves contend in vain." But the first step in the attack upon stupidity is to demonstrate that it is stupid. To remove this blot upon American life we must keep the genuine facts in such high relief before the eye of those who are not *wholly* stupid that average persons will be ashamed even to "admit that the lynchers have a case."

Correspondence

"POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An item of news published by a New York newspaper a little while ago seems to have been overlooked in this country, so far as editorial comment is concerned. As a matter of fact, I have not seen it mentioned even as news outside of that one paper. The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies voted to insert in their official records an address by Ruy Barbosa, Brazilian Ambassador to Argentina, in which, on the centenary of Argentine independence, he attacked German militarism. Political considerations can hardly weigh so heavily with Brazilian representatives as they weigh here, despite the fact that there must be a large population of hyphenated Brazilians. So far the only action by our representatives, who have passed over the violation of Belgium and innumerable German atrocities, has been to enter a plea for Sir Roger Casement. It is interesting that the mover of the speech in the Brazilian Chamber spoke of "certain American Governments" which "shamelessly preserve silence," and that another spoke of the "perfidious neutrality" of one of the American Governments. Can it be that the South Americans too despise us for our neutrality? And those of us who are bitterly disappointed

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by that neutrality must not censure too much the Administration at Washington, save that it has made neutrality a catchword of virtue. Our President is after all a politician who has been trying to follow public opinion, and public opinion seems in favor of the easy, unthinking course of neutrality. It looks at times as if we wished to go softly, and not only to go softly, but assume credit for so doing. When the President uttered his sigh over the war-mad nations of Eurone he was only expressing that national self-complacency which is to be seen in newspapers every day. WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

Minneapolis, August 16.

THE CLEMENCY OF CÆSAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As none of your letter-writers have taken up Sir George Otto Trevelyan's praise of a certain letter of Cæsar to Cicero, I beg to be allowed to do it. Sir George Trevelyan writes in the Correspondence Supplement to your issue of December 23 last (p. 7), "I regard it as among the most lofty of human compositions, on a level with Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg and with Edmund Burke's speech from the hustings at Bristol on the 9th of September, 1780."

Burke's speech I have not in my possession, but Cicero's epistolarium is on one of my shelves, and surprised at my ignorance I took out the book. When I had finished reading the letter my surprise was increased, but it was no longer surprise at my ignorance.

Let me present the letter in English, but first as to the matters appearing therein.

Between the Rubicon and Brindisi Cæsar had already written to Cicero begging the latter for his political support: "But first and foremost, since I confidently expect soon to be in Rome, I beg you to let me see you there, that I may have the advantage of your advice, your popularity, your commanding influence, and your help generally." It is plain that he wishes the support of Cicero in his intended revision of the Constitution of the Roman state.

Cicero replies, and after answering the request, takes occasion to express his admiration of Cæsar's clemency at Corfinium. Corfinium was a town in the eastern fringe of the Apennines, about east of Rome, in which a Pompeian force commanded by Domitius had taken stand, and with Domitius a number of leading Romans, among them five men of Senatorial rank. Cæsar, hastening down the Adriatic coast to catch Pompey before the latter could get out of Italy, turned aside somewhat from his line of march to bag this game. Domitius and the influential Romans thought it best to throw themselves upon Cæsar's mercy. After the surrender he called them together, made a speech, and presented them with their lives.

Cæsar writes to thank Cicero for his praise—the present letter—and again sues for Cicero's political support.

Dolabella, it will be remembered, was the son-in-law of Cicero. At first on the side of Pompey, he was now in Cæsar's army and a member of his circle. Lastly, Cicero, during this correspondence, was not in town, but staying at Formiæ.

All three letters—Cæsar, Cicero, Cæsar—were written in the month of March, 49 B. C., and may be read in Book IX of the letters to Atticus, Nos. 6, 11, 16.

This is the letter in question—Cæsar to Cicero:

"Your diagnosis of my character is just (it is certainly well known to you); nothing is more foreign to my nature than cruelty. I had already felt keen pleasure in the act itself, but to know that you approve makes me exult with joy. And it does not trouble me to hear that the men whom I set free went away to make war upon me again. There is nothing I so much desire as that I may be always true to my nature and they to theirs.

"I hope you will meet me before the gates of Rome, in order that as often before I may at every turn have the advantage of your advice and help. Let me tell you that I take pleasure in no one more than in your dear Dolabella. Yes, and I expect to be able to thank him for the favor I have just asked of you. He cannot do otherwise, with that kindness of heart, that thoughtfulness, that friendliness that I have found in him."

But some one may say, Cæsar did not write in English, and if he had, it would not have been in yours, so I will copy that sentence which is probably that which drew Sir George Trevelyan's praise: "Neque illud me movet quod ii qui a me dimissi sunt discessisse dicuntur ut mihi rursus bellum inferrent; nihil enim malo quam et me mei similem esse et illos sui."

It is indeed a noble thought nobly expressed. I suppose it means, No matter how wrongly they shall treat me I shall not regret having treated them rightly. The sentiment is so elevated and rare, and the form so condign, as to make it a work of high literary art.

But in Cæsar's mouth does it not ring hollow? When I read the opening sentence I read it with a sneer, for I remembered certain doings in Gaul two and three years before this letter was written, what happened at Uxellodunum, for instance.

The Gauls had made one more effort to throw off the yoke that was settling upon their shoulders, and the movement was joined by Uxellodunum. The town was besieged. They had plenty of food, but Cæsar cut off their supply of water, and perishing with thirst they had to surrender. Let what followed be told, if not in the words of Cæsar, in those of his faithful friend and lieutenant, Hirtius, who wrote the concluding eighth chapter of the Memoirs of the Conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar (VIII, 44):

"Cæsar knew that his clemency was a matter of such universal knowledge that he could well afford in this case a severer punishment than usual, without fear of its being ascribed to constitutional cruelty. And since he could see no end for his design [the annexation of Gaul], if revolts were to keep breaking out like that all over the country, he regarded as necessary a punishment that should teach a shining lesson to all the other Gauls. Accordingly, he cut off the hands of all who had taken a military part in the defence, suffering them to live, that the retribution in store for the wicked might to a special degree engage and hold attention." And yet the men of Uxellodunum had done that for which Lincoln praised the men who died at Gettysburg. They had chosen to risk everything, even death, for liberty.

And Vercingetorix! whose name, for his wonderful defence of Alesia, is still a proverb and a synonym of heroic love of liberty and the native land. At last Vercingetorix could do no more, so he told the people to do with him as they would—kill him as a sacrifice to the anger of the Romans, or hand him over to them alive. They chose the latter, and Cæsar kept him alive to grace his triumph, which he was not ready to take for six years. And when the wonderful procession had wound through the shouting streets of Rome to the top of the cliffs of the Capitol, and when the ever-glorious general had offered the sacrifice to the Father of gods and men, then at last he was ready to kill the defeated general, and he did. Kept him for six years and then killed him.

I doubt if Cæsar's heart was kind or cruel, or both. I believe he did kind or cruel things as suited his interest; that he was a walking embodiment of the doctrines of the sitting Machiavellis and Treitschkes. Nevertheless, he thought it well to have principles, and so was in the habit of wearing virtues that were not his. DUNCAN SAVAGE.

New York, July 12.

CLUBS OR CUBS?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your note on Sidney Colvin's edition of Keats's Poems, attention is called to the reading of *cubs* for *clubs:* "This edition once more makes nonsense of a metaphor in 'Sleep and Poetry.'" After quoting the passage in question, you further remark: "Keats had remembered the huge club which Polyphemus kept in his cave, and had substituted it for the rocks which he hurled at the ships of Ulysses." Highly probable—clubs are so much more poetic than rocks! But why should Keats metaphorically call clubs—even if Polyphemus had had clubs—themes of poetry, and poets Polyphèmes? Even a metaphor must have a starting point, a basis. Did Homer's Polyphemus sing his club? Did he sing anything? Not that Homer relates. But there was a Polyphème who sang, who was a poet, and one of his themes was cubs. In Leigh Hunt's translation of "The Cyclops" of Theocritus (the eleventh Idyll), the uncouth but highly poetic minstrel lover thus sings to the nymph Galatea:

> . . . I can play, too,
> Upon the pipe, so as no Cyclops can,
> Singing sweet apple mine, of you and me,
> Often till midnight. And I keep for you
> Four bears' whelps, etc. . . .

Now, we may assume that Leigh Hunt would not have failed to make a youthful protégé of his acquainted with a poet that he doted on, especially when a kinship of genius—often remarked by later critics—doubtless was evident to him. Hunt has, indeed, left in "Foliage" (1818) and "A Jar of Honey" (1848) abundant evidence of intelligent enthusiasm for Theocritus. *It was in Leigh Hunt's house that Keats wrote "Sleep and Poetry."* Furthermore, that Keats knew Theocritus is attested by an enthusiastic reference in a letter to his American kinsfolk, October (25?), 1818: "According to my state of mind, I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily."

Whoever will read the eleventh Idyll and then the disputed passage in "Sleep and Poetry" will perceive how aptly Keats has characterized the minstrel Polyphème of Theocritus, not the cannibal monster who

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hurled rocks at Ulysses. Then he may answer which metaphor is sense and which nonsense.

ROBERT THOMAS KERLIN.

Lexington, Va., July 8.

[We have received from the reviewer of Sidney Colvin's edition of Keats's Poems the following reply to our correspondent's objection: Mr. Kerlin argues well for the emendation *cubs*, but the evidence for *clubs* is, by its nature, conclusive. Not only does the edition of 1817, the only one published in Keats's lifetime, read *clubs*, but this reading is corroborated by the best possible contemporary witness, next to the poet himself. In his review of the volume of 1817 in the *Examiner*, Leigh Hunt, in whose house the poem was written, included in one of his excerpts the actual line in question, printing *clubs* (*Examiner*, No. 498, July 13, 1817, p. 444).—ED. THE NATION.]

"THE FIRST OF THE MILITANTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to make a slight addition to my article, "The First of the Militants in English Literature" (*Nation*, February 17), in which I traced the plagiarism of Sophia to "De l'Egalité des Deux Sexes" (Paris, 1673), by François Poullain (name spelled with one l or two). This French feminist was the author also of "De l'Education des Dames" (Paris, 1674), and "De l'Excellence des Hommes contre l'Egalité des Sexes." Of these two works, I have at last been able to find in America "De l'Excellence des Hommes" (Boston Public Library). From a first-hand study of this, and the liberal citations given by S. A. Richards in "Feminist Writers of the Seventeenth Century" (David Nutt, 1914), it is evident that Sophia made some use of the entire series, the plan of which is duplicated by her three books. Presumably she borrowed the name Sophia from the dialogue in "De l'Education des Dames." Detailed translation, however, is apparently confined largely to "De l'Egalité." C. A. MOORE.

Trinity College, N. C., August 1.

POE'S SCHOOLMASTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The London *Athenæum* for May published an article on "John Bransby, Poe's Schoolmaster." Therein two statements are charged to "Poe's own fabrication, and all secure in the almost invincible authority that comes of constant repetition." One of these charges, in itself, is a direct repetition from a recent article in the Chicago *Dial*. A document among the "Ellis-Allan" papers in the Library of Congress shows that Poe attended the boarding school of the Misses Durbourg, No. 146 Sloane Street, Chelsea, London. It was charged that, inasmuch as Poe stated in an autobiographical memorandum that his five years' stay in London was spent at Bransby's school, this document proved Poe guilty of a misstatement of facts.

Neither of the two writers on Poe had ever seen the sketch of Poe's Life published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Museum* for March, 1843, or he would not have reached this conclusion. There, Poe had it distinctly stated that "only a portion of his five years' stay in England was spent at Bransby's school." The autobiographical memorandum was evidently hastily prepared years afterwards for one of Griswold's publications, in which there was no space for details. To illustrate, however, the "invincible authority that comes of constant repetition," especially in matters concerning the author of "The Raven," a well-known authority recently wrote a student of Poe directing his attention to this alleged minor discovery concerning Bransby's school, which had been accepted in good faith from the mere reading of the article.

The second misstatement charged against Poe is that Bransby was not a "doctor." While no academic degree for Bransby has yet been found, it is not unlikely that, having been ordained a priest, he may in Poe's day have been commonly styled (though erroneously) Rev. Dr. John Bransby. In Poe's autobiographical memorandum he mentioned "Dr. Dunglison, President of the University of Virginia," which has always been accepted as a slip from hasty writing.

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., August 15.

Gaston Maspero

By JAMES HENRY BREASTED.

In the death of Sir Gaston Maspero, news of which reached America on July 4, the world of historical research has lost an Orientalist of the first rank. His passing will be grievously felt not only among Egyptologists and other Orientalists, but likewise throughout an extraordinarily wide circle of popular readers. Few scientists of technical attainments have so fully and so early in life gained the ear also of a numerous and discriminating literary public. In this respect Maspero distinctly resembled Ernst Renan. To this public he was from the beginning a "Wunderkind." His admirers loved to tell of the caller who had never before met him. Maspero himself appearing at the door in answer to the knock, and stating that he was M. Maspero, the visitor explained that he wished to see the young man's father! Maspero loved this tale and was fond of telling it himself.

He was indeed surprisingly youthful in appearance, when, in 1874, at the age of twenty-eight, he received a call to the chair once occupied by Champollion in the Collège de France. Seven years before, as a student of less than two years' standing at the Ecole Normale, he had met Mariette, and had been entrusted by him with the translation of two new texts which the latter had just unearthed in Egypt. Although he had learned hieroglyphic by himself, with the few helps available in those days, Maspero discharged his task of translation with noticeable facility, and the feat gave him a reputation which carried him from a teaching position at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes to the professorship at the Collège de France.

He had occupied this chair but six years when he was dispatched to Egypt as head of an archæological mission which later developed into the Institut Français de l'Archéologie Orientale, still a prominent institution supported by the French Government at Cairo. The death of Mariette early in 1881, not long after Maspero's arrival in Egypt, created a vacancy in the directorship of the Government department of antiquities, to which the Egyptian Khedive at once appointed him. Five years among the petty chicaneries of an Oriental governmental department, which was at the same time an international shuttlecock, proved to be all that the sensitive and refined Maspero would endure. He resigned the Egyptian post and retired to the tranquillity and the long-desired leisure of his professorship at the Collège de France. He returned to Paris in 1886, and the next fourteen years were the most fruitful of his life. Meantime the directorship of the Government department of antiquities at Cairo passed through the hands of one unhappy Frenchman after another. When the list of available French Egyptologists had been exhausted, the Egyptian Government again called him to fill the old post in 1899, and for fifteen years, until the outbreak of the great war, Nile tourists grew more and more accustomed to the sound of his name as head of the great Cairo Museum and director of the entire Service des Antiquités, as the governmental department was called.

For over forty years Maspero has been one of the leading figures in Oriental research and decidedly the most distinguished Frenchman in this field since the death of Renan. His industry never flagged, and he possessed a capacity for work which was prodigious. Even in the midst of heavy and persistent official duties he continued to produce. Some of his copious productivity was due to his facility in writing, which was by no means his best friend. The public knows him chiefly as an historian. In 1875, only a year after entering upon his professorship at the Collège de France, he issued a little volume covering the ancient history of the entire Near East, which he called "Histoire ancienne des peuples de l'Orient." It has passed through eight editions.

While he did not cease to revise this book, he eventually produced a much fuller treatment of the same subject, which appeared in three stately volumes in Paris in 1895-97 under the title "Histoire ancienne des peuples de l'Orient classique." It has been translated into English for the London Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. A great deal of discussion of the book was aroused because the English translator, wherever necessary, so altered Maspero's phraseology as to veil or completely conceal the fact that he had accepted the modern critical position as to the rise and character of the Hebrew writings preserved in the Old Testament. The translator afterwards endeavored to justify her alterations by the statement that they were made with the author's consent!

Maspero's large "Histoire" is at present the most widely known and widely used history of the ancient Orient in existence. His style, vivid imagination, and the easy and natural flow of his narrative afford the reader one long succession of realistic glimpses into the life of the ancient East not to be found in any other similar work. While Maspero's literary gifts were unusual, they were hardly as brilliant as those of Renan, and they never brought him election to the Académie, although the body of new scientific fact which we owe to him is unquestionably larger than that left us by Renan. At the same time, Maspero's facility in disposing of a difficult or obscure historical period in a few picturesque phrases easily veiled from him the existence of the important problems involved.

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This method of historical writing grew upon him with the advancing years, and the melancholy evidence of its progress appears with deadly conclusiveness in a comparison of his own earlier and later writings. The large and impressive battery of footnotes with which he defends the statements made in his great history contains an imposing number of monographs from his own pen on a very wide range of subjects. Many of these had been written years earlier in youth and vigor, and with great critical discernment; but in employing their results the pressure of increasing work and the largeness of his task beguiled him to trust his memory, and with fatal literary facility he more than once draughted his paragraph in defiance of his own earlier results. These results he nevertheless referred to in a footnote to prove statements in the text altogether at variance with the facts as he himself had once very clearly discerned and stated them. Even though his history may not take rank with the great critical reconstruction of the early Orient in Eduard Meyer's "Geschichte des Altertums," Maspero's work will nevertheless long remain an historical *tour de force*, which has probably done more than any other literary presentation of the subject to acquaint the cultivated public of all lands with the main facts in the career of man in the ancient Orient.

Maspero's vivid imagination and sympathetic mind made him also a skilful student of ancient religion, and saved him from the impossible vagaries of Brugsch, Le Page Renouf, and Naville, with their preconceived notion of primitive monotheism. By a systematic examination of a considerable part of the enormous mass of surviving documents of Egyptian religion, Maspero recovered a large body of important facts, which carried modern knowledge far beyond its older limits. These results he left in the form of uncorrelated essays, which he finally published together in two volumes under the title "Etudes de mythologie et d'archéologie égyptiennes," forming perhaps the most important single contribution to the study of Egyptian religion by any modern scholar. The fundamental criticism of them which might be made would be their failure to depict Egyptian religion in the successive historical phases through which it passed, by which method he might have built up a complete and self-consistent historical reconstruction, forming one of the most instructive developments in recoverable human history.

One of the greatest aids to Maspero in his work on Egyptian religion was his study of the Pyramid Texts, the oldest body of literary documents surviving from any ancient civilization. As Mariette lay on his deathbed at Cairo, early in 1881, his native workmen at Sakkara, the cemetery of ancient Memphis, were just penetrating the pyramids of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, in one of which they found the walls of the galleries covered from floor to ceiling with inscriptions, the first found in any Egyptian pyramids. Brugsch brought the first account of them to Mariette's bedside, and made the first report of them to European scholars. As Mariette's successor, however, it fell to Maspero to publish these remarkable texts, which were finally found in five of the Sakkara pyramids. While Maspero unfortunately published the documents in hieroglyphic *type*, which palæographically was entirely unsuited for the reproduction of texts so archaic, he displayed remarkable penetration in discerning their meaning and significance. He finally made a tentative translation, which, in view of the difficulties involved in these our most archaic examples of Egyptian speech, and the obscurity of the subject-matter, will always remain a feat of decipherment of the first rank. Although the general public has no knowledge of it, the world of science will undoubtedly regard this as his most important achievement, rather than the large history, which involved only industry and some literary gift.

It was his keen, if sometimes prejudiced, intelligence which enabled him to do such work at all. For when he took up his post in the Collège de France in the middle seventies the current knowledge of Egyptian grammar and the structure of the Egyptian language had advanced comparatively little since the death of Champollion (1832). Applying the methods of research already long in use in the Semitic field, but also in the entire domain of philology, Adolf Erman, then a brilliant young Berlin Egyptologist, was already making some of the masterly grammatical studies which, culminating in a series of Egyptian grammars, finally created a new heaven and a new earth in Egyptian philology. It was perhaps but natural that Maspero should feel it sacrilege for a foreigner, and especially a German, to lay violent hands on the system of Egyptian grammar left by Champollion, whose chair he himself held. To be sure, Erman was a scion of the French Huguenot refugee-colony in Berlin, and was proud of it (he always pronounces his name *Ermang*); but the line had long since become loyally Prussian, and after Jena Erman's grandfather had gone to meet Napoleon as he rode into Berlin through the Brandenburg gate and had administered to the Corsican in the choicest of French a verbal castigation containing some wholesome truths, which the victor of Jena magnanimously overlooked.

However large or small the influence of racial prejudice in Maspero's mind may have been (his parents were Lombards, as his name shows), he never adopted the results of the modern Berlin school of Egyptology. I once asked him if he accepted Erman's demonstration of the existence of a Semitic perfect in Egyptian. Maspero unhesitatingly replied no, and then, to illustrate his position towards the whole modern grammatical school, he told me that Erman had once written him asking him to have the squeezes (*papier maché* impressions) of the Pyramid Texts reexamined to demonstrate the presence of an ending *t* in certain grammatical forms, not displaying the *t* in Maspero's publication. With evident glee Maspero recounted how he had sent several of his students in succession to examine the passages concerned, and they reported that the squeezes showed no *t* in any of the passages examined. "You see," added Maspero, with twinkling eyes, "the old Egyptians who wrote the Pyramid Texts did not possess a copy of Erman's grammar!"

With characteristic thoroughness the Berlin Egyptologists uncovered the buried galleries of the Sakkara pyramids again and procured their own squeezes and photographs of the Pyramid Texts, which were again published with exhaustive and final accuracy by Sethe. The new edition conclusively vindicated the correctness of Erman's grammatical conclusions; but to the day of his death Maspero remained their open opponent. Lacau, his distinguished successor at Cairo, long ago adopted as fundamental the principles of Egyptian writing and grammar established by Erman and his pupils, and by his great ability Lacau has also furnished a new detail or here and there slightly modified the grammatical structure erected as the result of Erman's nearly forty years of study. There can be no doubt that Maspero's prejudice seriously hampered his work, and if many of his monographs, especially on philological subjects, have long been out of date, this is chiefly due to his adverse attitude towards the results of the new philological methods.

Yet his kindly and genially penetrating mind gave him a power of singularly suggestive comment and such facile mastery wherever he roamed that the Egyptological dilettanti of the Inner Temple, when they reviewed his books in the London *Athenæum* or *Academy*, as they often did, constantly referred to him as "the greatest of living Egyptologists," a dictum which has often been echoed in America. Let us hope that time may treat the verdict kindly, and see in that sovereign ease with which he entered so many diversified domains of Oriental research, and in the unusual refinement of his literary taste and discernment, ample compensation for the lack of enduring reconstructions in Oriental history and philology, which might have formed more abiding monuments of his great services to science.

Like so many of the European leaders in science and literature, Maspero was engulfed in the great catastrophe which has overwhelmed Europe for the last two years. It is perhaps not unfitting to close this appreciation of his life and work with a few lines from the last letter which I ever received from him. It is heavily bordered in black, and, in contravention of his usual custom, it is written in English, of which he had an excellent command. Explaining some delay in the dispatch of his letter, he says:

"I had overtaxed the strength of my body so much, the three last years of my stay in Egypt, that immediately after my return to France, the 11. August, 1914, I was struck down by an attack of heart disease, from which I was only recovering, when the 17. February the death of my son dealt me a new blow. Until now I felt considerably younger than my age: I cannot tell you how I aged in those few months.

"Jean [his son] came back from Egypt to take his place in the French army on the first of August. He was very heavily wounded the 23. September, at Cheppy in Argonne, and returned to the front the 30. or 31. January: the 17. February he received a ball full in the face, while leading his section at Vauquois, and died outright."

It is evident that the loss of this son, who had already won a distinguished place for himself in the field of Byzantine history and archæology, quite crushed the aging and already ailing father. Few explorers of the ancient world have left behind so important or so large and diversified a body of researches as this eminent French Orientalist, and his loss, one among so many in the appalling European conflict, is but another admonition to us of America that the burdens which are to rest upon our shoulders in the future will demand that we rise from merely material achievement into a world of spiritual and intellectual conquest where thus far we have accomplished all too little.

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Literature

ELECTING A PRESIDENT.

Presidential Nominations and Elections. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Although Mr. Bishop calls his timely handbook a "history of American conventions, national campaigns, inaugurations, and campaign caricature," it is rather an outline sketch than a history, confining itself chiefly to the picturesque features of the political activities of our people, and written in the narrative form which relieves it of the seriousness of a book of reference. As much of the material appeared originally in the form of independent magazine articles, the topical treatment is followed instead of the chronological, but the resultant tendency to occasional repetition is not obtrusive.

The circumstances under which the system of nominating conventions came into being suggest an interesting commentary on some recent developments in party control. The ancient caucus system had lost its popularity, the voters demanding more of a voice in the selection of candidates for office than was allowed them by the handful of managers who met periodically in secret and decided whose names should be submitted for the suffrages of their fellow-partisans. Thurlow Weed is authority for the statement that the revolt began in New York in 1824 and spread rapidly to other States, because —let the Progressive party mark it well!— it was in furtherance of the "policy of nominations emanating directly from the people." What gives particular significance to this phrasing is the fact that the gentry we now describe as the Bosses were leaders then in the movement for a delegate convention, as, "while professedly yielding to the people's desires, they were already planning to get control of the new system for their own purposes, . . . feeling quite confident of their ability to control such a body."

The Anti-Masonic party was the first to hold a national convention, meeting in Philadelphia in September, 1830; and the next year the National Republicans followed suit, meeting in Baltimore and unanimously nominating Henry Clay for President. Then came Jackson's convention of 1832 in Baltimore, upon which he forced the two-thirds rule that has hung like a millstone about the neck of the Democratic party ever since. He was so pleased with this demonstration of popular supremacy that he had another convention called to meet in the same city in 1835, to be composed of "delegates fresh from the people"; and when a count of noses showed that there were no delegates from Tennessee, his lieutenants took a characteristic short-cut by corralling a single Tennesseean who happened to be visiting in Baltimore, bringing him into the convention, and letting him cast the whole fifteen votes to which his State was entitled—naturally for Jackson's candidate, Van Buren. The less forceful party managers who came along in later generations continued the convention system, and the people's delegates responded, if not always to their bidding, at least to their proposals of profitable bargains.

The atmosphere of hero-worship which has enveloped the memory of Lincoln for a half-century has more or less blinded his countrymen to the fact that he was a man like themselves, with similar ambitions and not less human ways of gratifying them. Mr. Bishop believes that as lately as a year before his historic speech at Cooper Institute he cherished no idea of becoming President, but that speech and the trip through New England which followed it seem to have transformed his outlook; for by the spring of 1860 he was a candidate, and resolved to win if he could, as was shown by his letter offering to pay one hundred dollars towards the travelling expenses of a Kansas friend if the latter could go as a delegate to the approaching national convention of their party. A shrewd observer of public sentiment, Lincoln soon became satisfied that the Presidency was not beyond his reach, and from that hour he left nothing to chance that he could influence in his own interest. Such efforts, however, appear to have done no more than assist nature, for the time was ripe for a leader of his stamp to take the head of a great national uprising.

The Republican Convention of 1860 was held in Chicago, and was the first of the modern type, with thousands of unofficial but noisy spectators in the galleries. Seward was the prime favorite of the Eastern contingent, both in the delegate body and among the people who had gathered to look on. New York poured a horde of his admirers into town. They brought with them a gorgeously uniformed brass band, and marched about the streets to the delight of the populace. Lincoln's managers, learning that the Sewardites were going to have a grand parade on the morning of the opening day, arranged to offset its effect by filling all the vacant space in the hall with Lincoln adherents while Seward's friends were marching. The New Yorkers fell into the trap, and, their vanity stimulated by the applause of the multitude on the sidewalks, continued to march and countermarch, and thus consumed so much time that when they tried to get into the hall they found it already packed with their adversaries. The night before the balloting, the over-confident Seward men gave a champagne supper, and followed it by marching about and serenading the headquarters of rival candidates, while the Lincoln men put the same time to better account by stirring quietly among the delegates and arguing the merits of their case. When it came to presenting the candidates, Seward's friends were prepared to make an ear-splitting demonstration; but Lincoln's managers had counted on this, and engaged a couple of men with stentorian lungs to lead the shouting, carefully instructed them in the art, and placed them in just the right positions in the gallery, so that, on the presentation of Lincoln's name, which followed Seward's, the demonstration for Seward was completely eclipsed, the Lincoln people not only making more noise, but keeping it up longer by taking fresh breath at proper intervals. Indeed, so well was this part of the business handled that, with Lincoln's nomination on the third ballot, the din within the building drowned utterly the blast from a cannon fired on the roof.

How various great men defeated in convention bore the blow marked their temperamental differences. Clay, beaten by Harrison in 1839, was overwhelmed by the news. "He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation. He rose from his chair, and, walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse stringhalted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming: 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue, I know now, which has betrayed me!'" Webster, in 1852, had set his heart so surely on the Presidency that he had spurned the offer of second place on the ticket; and when tidings of Scott's nomination reached him he gave way completely, his family sharing his collapse. The household became as one from which a beloved member had been removed by death, and a friend who dined there said that the dinner reminded him "of the first meal after the return from the grave, when the full force of the bereavement seems to be realized." Webster retired promptly to his farm, and died a few weeks later. The friends of Seward were more painfully affected than he was by his defeat in 1860. Thurlow Weed, the most seasoned politician in New York, shed tears. Seward himself was the calmest man in his neighborhood when the news came, and wrote with his own hand a statement commending both platform and ticket. Blaine, too, though bitterly disappointed in 1876, proved outwardly a good loser, and before the decisive vote in convention had been fully counted he was sending his telegram of congratulation to Hayes, his victorious rival. Grant, in 1880, was undoubtedly relieved at escaping a nomination for a third term, but expressed his chagrin at the blunder of his friends in putting him forward without feeling "perfectly sure" of his success. In 1912 Roosevelt denounced his deprivation of the nomination as a theft, and Champ Clark attributed his defeat at Baltimore solely to "the vile and malicious slanders of Col. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska."

Campaigning methods come in for a considerable space, especially the use of caricature, which, though doubtless begun earlier in a feeble way, assumed its first real importance in Jackson's time. At the outset, this weapon appears to have taken the form of lithographed broadsides for general circulation. London *Punch* set the example of making a newspaper its vehicle, and our American journals followed by degrees. The thirty reproductions of campaign cartoons in this book range from the primitive humor of the artist Clay to the sophisticated styles of Nast and Gillam, the largest single subject being Blaine's variegated pillory in *Puck*. Nast created some partisan emblems

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that still survive, such as the Republican elephant, the Democratic donkey, and the Tammany tiger.

Inaugurations take the final place in the procession of topics, and here Mr. Bishop slips into the error of asserting that in 1912 the inaugural ball was omitted "for the first time since the inauguration of Madison in 1808," ignoring the default of 1877 because the Electoral Commission had not finished its work in season to enable the preparations to be made. The illustration purporting to show "President Wilson Taking the Oath of Office" is a snapshot of a stage in the outdoor ceremonies preceding the administration of the oath, and contains several elements that betray its defective title.

In the main Mr. Bishop has written with little exhibition of bias, though dealing with many episodes which would be likely to arouse whatever partiality an historian might have latent in him. His chapters on the Steam-Roller Convention of 1912 and its Progressive successor, however, though doubtless correct in their statement of actual occurrences, are written in the tone of the advocate—of course, on the Progressive side.

CURRENT FICTION.

God's Puppets. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The author of "A Certain Rich Man" appears in some danger of falling into a rut. Granting that wealth is a peril, and that there is much unscrupulousness employed in its winning and keeping, we may yet discern another side to the shield. The possession of money is not, after all, precisely the same thing as the brand of Cain. There are persons who "get rich" honorably, and who even make honorable use of what they have acquired. However, this is a commercial country in a material age, and money is our god, and no doubt we deserve that the Kleins and the Whites and the Masterses shall rub in the situation with all the energy and repetitiousness they can command. Bankers seem to be Mr. White's special prey. On the evidence of his stories, a foreigner would be justified in concluding that American banking is an affair both haphazard and corrupt; that American bankers as a class are grasping and dishonest, embezzling when they can, and habitually imperilling the safety of their clients in the interests of "big business" or of their own private pockets—a race of criminals working together, on the ragged edge of the law, to the detriment of society. This sort of doctrine is always popular. Mr. White's present tales show every sign of having been prepared for consumption by that magazine-reading public which is so much given to gloating over evil in high places. His Boyce Kilworth, whited sepulchre of the community, the man most trusted by his (rather stupid) fellow-townsmen, and the man least worth trusting, is a typical figure in this sort of writing. The means by which his guilt is brought home to his own bosom, and concealed, for their sakes, from his dupes, is artificial and sentimental, the kind of broad effect which suits Mr. White's purpose as an exhorter of the man in the street. And the Charlie Herrington of another of these tales as typically stands for the gentleman-villain as Kilworth stands for the deacon-villain. We do not doubt that a real sense of the dangers of our loose methods of doing business and of thinking about it is at the bottom of such literature. This sort of theme, however, may be "run into the ground" with fatal ease. It is pleasant now and then to find another view of the money-man, as but yesterday in the "Gossamer" of Canon Hannay.

The Immortal Gymnasts. By Marie Cher. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This story, by an American who has spent her adult years chiefly in Paris and London, is uncommon in quality and kind. It is difficult to pigeonhole. Its surface action concerns a group of sophisticated Londoners, who, left to themselves, are in the way of making a mess of things all round, after the too familiar fashion of their kind. There is a large, athletic, empty-headed youth named Ambry—Sir Ambry, to be sure. He has overpowered the fancy of a delicate little Anie, and after a round of clandestine philandering has found her a bore. Then there is his university friend—Varian, of a strongly contrasting type, unselfish, fastidiously honorable, and already on the brink of a romantic devotion for the hapless Anie. There is Anie's elder sister Estelle, also a foil, the cool siren who knows so well how to trap her male—none other than the ranging Sir Ambry—and how to tame him for her permanent uses. Among them, with their leisure and their precedents, these four are evidently capable of developing an action of moral squalor and confusion, such as "society" gossip is always recording of its professionally unemployed. But there is another element in the story, an element of health and sweetness and sanity, which is embodied for the author in the ancient parable of Harlequin and Columbine and Pantaloon—the "immortal gymnasts" who represent the world's perennial youth and simple-hearted romance. And these deathless protagonists are daringly brought upon the human scene in the persons of three London-dwellers of obscure origin and humble pursuits, Quin the sandwich man, Bina who sells butter and eggs, and her father old Panta, who does odd jobs in the intervals of his inveterate dreaming. All three, to be sure, by contact with the modern and "cubical" world of men, have lost much of their ancient mystical power. But Quin, at least, retains something of his faculty of insight into the minds and fates of human beings with whom physical contact brings him in rapport. It is thus that he becomes clairvoyant of the affairs of our four young people; and they, by being brought into direct contact with the immortal three—by becoming conductors, as it were, of their spiritual current—are straightway led forth from their feeble confusions of thought and conduct into a clear and simple feeling for what life really offers them. The fantasy ends with a new rapprochement of the storied lovers, a more or less human and "cubical" realization of their undying romance. The author commands a style of singular grace and vigor; by its means and by virtue of a rich underlying idea, she has produced something much better than a cleverly contrived "novel."

These Lynnekers. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Co.

There was apparently (aside from the testimony of "Who's Who") a great deal of autobiography in the "Jacob Stahl" trilogy. We may have wondered whether the lack of that strain in its successor, "The House in Demetrius Road," accounted for our lesser sense of contact, not with facts, but with the reality which may be wrested from them. This, at all events, is not true of the present story. Dickie Lynneker is a very different person from Jacob Stahl, yet not less true or "real." The stories are alike in both representing the gradual emergence and ripening of a vital character in action. Jacob was, we remember, above all "a candidate for truth," a seeker for the meaning of life, for his own meaning as related to life. Dickie Lynneker is also that, and his story, like Jacob Stahl's, is here carried up to the hour in which he obtains at least a glimpse of the path that lies before him—before him, being what he is, striving for what he must.

Dickie is a born dissenter, a rebel against cant and all the established insincerities and hypocrisies. He is born in the very midst of them, for the Lynnekers are a family who have long enjoyed a "position," and are by now prepared to pretend anything, to suffer anything, rather than imperil that position: "If the Lynneker records showed no high achievement, they exhibited all the marks of honorable and gentle birth, and a succession that stretched back without a break to the Norman invasion. . . . Through all their incompetencies ran some streak of stability, of faith in their own rank." It was, we are noting, a negative and defensive stability. Dickie's father, the country Rector, displays it strongly. Dickie himself is the only son in whom the alien strain of his mother's less exclusive blood appears. She herself is ineffective enough, but she has lighted a torch. Dickie is perfectly honest and direct and unprejudiced, and therefore an eccentric in the eyes of his people—and of most people. He cannot be run into the Lynneker mould of gentle selfishness, dignified time-serving, well-bred assent. He will not "stay put." His guiding motive, which he himself is long in apprehending, is to fulfil himself, to be the man he was born to be. Other ambition he has none; therefore he quite easily sacrifices his prospects of a university career for the sake of the family exchequer.

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Therefore, when he has once discovered what it means, he unhesitatingly turns his back upon an opening into Conservative politics. Therefore, he is prepared to refuse the cashiership of the bank in which he has served as clerk—even before the patronage of a great man of business shows him the kingdoms of the world. There he is in danger; the game of finance fascinates a side of him; but still there is something which restrains him from committing his future to that game. He has not the soul of a broker, there is creative force in him, though it chances to take the form (oddly in a work of current fiction) of mathematics instead of art. He wishes to "do something useful," and the post as astronomical assistant which he eventually accepts is a quiet step in the direction of a higher usefulness for him, being, as we have said, what he is. Love has come into his life also—a love tinged, we must confess, with conscious anti-Victorianism, a color of defiance against respectability as such, which is not elsewhere notably a factor in the story.

THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION.

The Psychology of Relaxation. By George Thomas White Patrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

"We hear with amazement now and again some one say, 'I was never tired in my life.' Surely, under normal conditions we ought not to be so tired as we are." By reference to the tired feeling, the professor of philosophy of the University of Iowa explains the phenomena of play, laughter, profanity, alcohol, and war. His gospel of relaxation, which is embodied mainly in five psychological essays, dealing severally with the topics just named, is both thoughtful and readable, and entertaining, if pessimistic.

The gist of the argument is given in the theory of play. Rejecting Spencer's view that play is the expression of surplus energy, and Groot's view that play is a preparation for the tasks of mature life—both on the ground that they ignore the difference in kind between the activities of play and those of work—Professor Patrick favors the theory of Stanley Hall that play is a reversion to the activities of primitive life. The games of children recall the life of the cave, the forest, and the stream. They repeat the serious work of the primitive man. But they are wholly unlike the modern man's work. On the other hand, primitive work and juvenile play are both very similar to adult "sport." "This similarity is due to the fact that those mental powers upon which advancing civilization depends, especially voluntary and sustained attention, concentration, analysis, and abstraction, are undeveloped in the child and subject to rapid fatigue in the adult. Hence, the child's activities and the play-activities of the adult tend always to take the form of old racial pursuits." Play marks, in brief, not an overflowing energy, but the exhaustion of energy.

By the same token, in laughter, which seems to include all expressions of wit and humor, we seek relief from the inhibitions of conventional life by reverting to the mental attitude of the child. "The normal life of the child is a life of relaxation, and laughter is its constant companion." In war we seek relief from the tension of civilized restraint; all of the supposedly rational reasons for war are illusory. And even in alcohol, which is now known to be a narcotic, we seek, not stimulation, as commonly supposed, but relaxation—freedom from restraint. Religion is another mode of relaxation. It seems, however, that play, laughter, and religion are normal and wholesome modes of relaxation, while alcohol, tobacco, war, and sexual license belong with the dancing mania, recently become epidemic, and the amusement crazes, among those explosive manifestations of the tired feeling which are signs of abnormal tension and of a pathological social condition.

This is true enough to be perplexing, not quite clear enough to be satisfying. It may be suggested that Professor Patrick is the victim of a world-old illusion in supposing (as he appears to suppose) that civilized life is especially problematic—for the civilized man; or adult life for the adult. If the burden upon the civilized man is greater, greater also is his power of concentration; and when war, alcoholic excitement, sexual debauchery, and the mania for dancing are offered as marks of overstrain in civilized life, we have only to remember that, judging from what the anthropologists tell us, they are also the most characteristic features of primitive life. Nor does it quite state the case to say simply that civilized sports reproduce the primitive man's serious occupations. It would be truer to say that they reproduce those occupations with the serious side omitted; the civilized hunter who misses his quarry has his tinned meat to fall back upon. Professor Patrick is far from satisfactory in his psychology of the child. Practical experience may lead one to doubt whether laughing is more normal to the child than crying; and whether laughter as a relief from tension, supposedly peculiar to adults, is not quite as common in children—for example, in giggling.

Nor are the ills of modern life to be cured by simple "relaxation." Professor Patrick admits that we may "relax too much," but he fails to explain why. If letting down a little be a good thing, why is not letting down completely a very good thing, especially for the man who is intellectually or morally very tired? And if extreme weariness is to be excluded as a pathological condition, still one may wonder why, on the author's theory, a moderate degree of sexual laxity, for example, may not be normal and wholesome. It seems, however, that, even for relaxation, more is required than a simple letting down. Bridge may not be always relaxing; but to the bridge-player a game of "Old Maid" (surely relaxing) would be only an irritation. For an intelligent man there is no relaxation in religion unless he believes it to be true, and for the relaxation of humor he needs an intellectual content; he is not likely to get a comforting sense of relaxation from seeing an old lady fall in the mud. Professor Patrick's illustrations of humor, by the way, suggest the slap-stick artist.

And, therefore, it will hardly help to abandon the motor car for the horse or to banish the furnace in favor of the old-fashioned fireplace. We shall only substitute six fires for one and an animal that needs to be regularly fed and exercised for a machine that may at any time be allowed to stand forgotten. Here again the writer's gospel of relaxation reflects the illusion of "primitive simplicity." Simplicity of life, it may be suggested, is not a primitive condition, but the final achievement of science and art; and freedom of the spirit is the product, not of relaxation, but of self-control. If the machinery of modern life, as typified in the automobile, fails to simplify, it is probably because, at the present stage, the machine has succeeded in mastering us and we have not yet morally mastered the machine.

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

With these two volumes Monsignor Ward brings his History of Modern English Catholicism down to the reëstablishment of the Hierarchy in the year 1850. They are the continuation of his "Dawn of the Catholic Revival" and his "Eve of Catholic Emancipation," five volumes, which were the product of his facile pen within a period of about six years. Emancipation was formally proclaimed in 1829; so that the present work is the story of the adjustments made possible by the removal of legal disabilities, but hindered in many ways by the persistence of what our author would call misunderstandings on the part of the English people in general as to the real character of the Catholic claims. The recital has much to commend it. It is refreshingly free from the tone of complacent unction which one dreads to find in defences of the true faith. It admits that men may be fairly worthy citizens of this world without being members of the only saving church, and it does not try too hard to conceal the petty and unlovely squabbles which disfigure the story of the attempt to place English Catholics on a par with English Protestants in the enjoyment of all privileges and emoluments which a paternal government is willing to distribute.

The style is also entirely free from abuse of enemies. It carries the story steadily forward with only so much of digression as is needed to explain the setting of one or another episode. Of dramatic moments there are but few, for after all the great point had been won, and it remained only to rouse the spirit of the Catholic world to take advantage of the opportunity now of-

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fered. As to how this should be done there was the widest difference of opinion, but in the main there were two views as to what was possible or even desirable. On the question of possibility there were those who believed that it was only a matter of good management to bring the whole church in England back to the gentle rule of Rome. According to this party the great obstacle had been ignorance, and now that all bars against the free publication of facts had been removed the natural attractiveness of the liturgy and the appeal of the moving exercises of daily worship would draw the hitherto starved and hungry multitudes into the waiting fold. Others held that no such wholesale transformation was within the limits of possibility. They felt that any widespread work of conversion must be accompanied by compromises and weakenings which in the long run would injure the cause of true Catholicism. Their concern was rather to stimulate the faith of the faithful than to seek recruits from any doubtful sources.

Naturally, the most exciting field of discussion on these points was offered by the party within the English Church which seemed to come nearest to the Roman standards. The optimists, like Cardinal Wiseman, thought they saw in this English high-church party the best agency for the realization of their highest hopes. They would go more than half-way to meet every advance along this line. The differences, they believed, were unessential, the resemblances real and vital. They hoped and prayed and worked for the success of the Puseyite movement at Oxford, believing that when its victory within the Anglican communion should be assured this would be only a step towards complete absorption into that of Rome. Others, of whom Bishop Griffiths was the spokesman, thought otherwise. They believed that Puseyism, instead of leading to Rome, would prove a substitute for it, going just far enough to satisfy the longing for forms and traditions, and in this way proving an impediment rather than a help to real Catholic progress. Monsignor Ward brings out these antagonisms with great clearness. He shows his sympathy with the leading spirits of the Oxford Movement, but makes it quite clear that the party of the stricter part were in the right. England was not ready to go to Rome, and the personal distinction of a few notable converts went, in fact, but little way towards starting a "landslide" in that direction.

More to the purpose is the account of the positive agencies set to work in many ways by the emancipated Catholic party. The attempted revival of "Gothic," not only in architecture, but, as that singular being, Augustus Welby Pugin, would have it, in the vestments and all the apparatus of religious service, was meant to present to a people demoralized alike by Puritanism and "classicism" the true principles of a Christian taste. Schools designed for the training of a worthy priesthood were organized and endowed. A vigorous push was made for the appropriation of public funds for the maintenance of schools for Catholic laymen. Religious orders were encouraged to revive old foundations or to establish new ones. A Catholic press was set in operation, deliberately planned to meet every attack, and especially to expose the prevalent misconceptions of Protestants about Catholicism in general. The scurrilous nature of much of this polemical literature is not palliated in the least by our author. He laments it as tending in the long run to discredit the cause it sought to promote.

The culmination of the narrative is found naturally in the long negotiations ending with the definite transfer of Catholic administration in England from the previous system of Vicars Apostolic, that is, direct agents of the Roman See, to a complete diocesan organization with twelve ordinary bishops and one archbishop as executive head. This result of the aggressive and forward-looking policy of Wiseman was accomplished only against the opposition of the more cautious Old Catholic element, and, of course, was gall and wormwood to Protestants of all shades, but more especially to those of the Established Church. So carefully, however, had all the legal points been anticipated and the sentimental traditions of Anglicans been respected, that there was nothing to do but let things take their course. Monsignor Ward's cleverness as a writer is nowhere more in evidence than just here in his avoidance of anything like a tone of triumph and in his distinct disapproval of Wiseman's rather flamboyant proclamation of the new establishment.

Notes

August 26 is the date set for the publication by Dodd, Mead & Company of the following volumes: "In Another Girl's Shoes," by Berta Ruck; "The Chief Legatee," by Anna Katherine Green; "The Adventures of a Despatch Rider," by Capt. W. H. L. Watson; "Religion in Europe and the World Crisis," by Charles E. Osborne.

Bobbs-Merrill Co. announces for publication this autumn: "France," by Laurence Jerrold; a new and revised edition of Alfred M. Brooks's "Architecture and the Allied Arts"; Francis Neilson's novel, "A Strong Man's House," formerly announced as "Thirty Pieces of Silver"; "The Trufflers," by Samuel Merwin.

Announcements for August and September by George H. Doran Co. include: "The Great Push," by Patrick MacGill; "Michael Cassidy, Sergeant," by "Sapper"; "The Hausfrau Rampant," by E. V. Lucas; Carolyn Wells's "The Bride of a Moment"; "The Daughter Pays," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds; "The Triumph of Tim," by Horace Annesley Vachell; "Michael," by E. F. Benson; "The Self-Discovery of Russia," by J. Y. Simpson; "The Mystery of the Hated Man, and Then Some," by James Montgomery Flagg; "An Average Woman," by W. Dane Bank; "The Towers of Ilium," by Ethelyn Leslie Huston; "Barnacles," by J. MacDougall Hay; "Dead Yesterday," by Mary Agnes Hamilton, and two new books of verse: "Life and Living," by Amelia J. Burr; "Lundy's Lane, and Other Poems," by Duncan Campbell Scott.

The following publications of Houghton Mifflin Company have been announced: "Friends of France," anonymous; "The Grasp of the Sultan," anonymous.

Publications of Henry Holt & Co. for August are announced as follows: Grace King's "The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard"; "Cecily and the Wide World," by Elizabeth N. Corbett.

The Century Company announces the following novels for publication in September: "The Keys of the City," by Oscar Graeve; "Olga Bardel," by Stacy Aumonier; "The Dark Tower," by Phyllis Bottome, and "Society's Misfits," by Madeleine Z. Doty; "With Serbia into Exile," by Fortier Jones; "Gulliver the Great," by Walter A. Dyer.

Scribners announce for early publication: "Bonnie May," by Louis Dodge; Farnham Bishop's "Our First War in Mexico"; "Enoch Crane," planned and begun by F. Hopkinson Smith, completed by his son, F. Berkeley Smith; "The Free Man and the Soldier," by Ralph Barton Perry; Francis Lynde's "After the Manner of Men"; "Unfinished Portraits," by Jennette Lee.

Dutton's list contains the following announcements: "Potential Russia," by Richard Washburn Child; "The Kingdom of Heaven as Seen by Swedenborg," by John Howard Spaulding; "Travels in the Middle East," by Capt. T. C. Fowler; "A Woman's Diary of the War," by S. MacNaughton; "Doing Their Bit," by Boyd Cable.

J. B. Lippincott Company announces for publication: "Pictures of the Wonder of Work," by Joseph Pennell; "Training for the Newspaper Trade," by Don C. Seitz. Juveniles in preparation: "Pinocchio," in the Stories All Children Love series: "Moni, the Goat Boy"; E. L. Sabin's "With Sam Houston in Texas"; "Æsop's Fables," illustrated by F. Opper.

If we except the numerous verses which the Warden of Sing Sing seems to regard as a necessary literary adornment, it would be difficult to base a charge of sentimentalism upon the volume of Dodge Lectures ("Society and Prisons," by Thomas Mott Osborne; $1.35), just published by the Yale University Press. Mr. Osborne writes in an easy, conversational style which makes agreeable reading, and, though full of enthusiasm for his ideas, for the most part he talks (in his own words) not "reform," but "business." His description of the Welfare League makes it look like a fairly reasonable institution. Except for a passing reference to politics in the League, he suggests no doubts, and, unfortunately, makes no replies to criticisms. The point that he insists upon is that, in spite of numerous "detestable characters," the criminal is essentially a human being. He disposes briefly and effectively of the "criminal type" of scientific criminology—also, he points out, of popular superstition—and treats the term "criminal" as "a merely conventional sign for a human being guilty or convicted of crime." The fact underlying "the criminal type," he suggests, is "the prison type." This makes it possible to say that circumstances may

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have much to do in deciding whether a man is to be criminal or not. None the less, he insists that, if a man has committed a crime, he is a criminal, and he ought to be punished. Nor is crime a disease; at any rate, none but a moral disease, which, in Mr. Osborne's view (not more incoherent than most discussions of this metaphysical subject), implies moral responsibility.

It is clear, however, that to Mr. Osborne "to punish" means "to correct"; that is to say, he stands for the reformatory as against the retributive, or "vindictive," theory of punishment. But he recognizes the need of a deterrent. Viewed in some aspects, indeed, his own plan should offer a deterrent of the most drastic kind. In his view, judge and jury should decide nothing whatever but the question of fact, namely, has the accused committed the crime? Questions of the measure of responsibility, including the question of sanity, should be left to the prison, where the man can be carefully studied. And there should be but one penalty for all offences, namely, commitment to prison, to be released when fit, but not before. This sounds both simple and effective—until we ask how, and by what selection of officials and judges, the prisoner is to be judged fit. It is clear that the success of the plan presupposes officers of correction who shall be not only men of the highest integrity, but men of the soundest and most enlightened judgment. In the hands of a corrupt, or even of a prejudiced, administration, such a procedure could conceivably condemn one who had committed only a slight misdemeanor to imprisonment for life. These are difficulties which Mr. Osborne, following the custom of reformers, fails to consider.

Meanwhile, it can hardly be denied that he renders an important service in fixing our attention upon the practical question: admitting that the prisoner "deserves" the punishment he is receiving, still what is the effect produced by it? Mr. Osborne shows rather convincingly that the effect of the usual prison régime is nearly all bad. "Most of the cells in Auburn measure 7½ feet by 3½, and 7 feet high. . . . At Sing Sing the cells are 6 inches lower, 6 inches shorter, and 3 inches narrower." In these, until a short time ago, men were locked for fourteen to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; "all day long on Sunday, except for a few minutes to empty buckets and eat breakfast, and an hour or so for chapel service; and all day long on holidays." It seems that we must assume the prisoner to be either a peculiarly abnormal, insensitive being or a person of more than ordinary strength of mind, if we are not to accept the statement that the natural and common results of such conditions are the drug-habit, unnatural vice, insanity, and—if we add the dampness of the stone walls—rheumatism and tuberculosis.

"Ventures in Worlds," by Marian Cox (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.25 net), consists of six essays, erotic and neurotic, which illustrate the native impartiality of the feminist mind. Resentment of the bad manners of Herr Siegfried Wagner issues in "Our Musical Culture," which advances the not-unheard-of thesis (if we may speak of a thesis) that the motive of music is lust, along with the more novel thesis that music has destroyed the happiness of the American home, the pretence for the moment being that both are matters of concern to the author. "Our Incestuous Marriage" propounds the no less novel thesis that there is something essentially revolting in the idea that husband and wife should be members of the same household. Do we not know that among the Fijians—evidently models of culture as well as children of nature—husband and wife meet only by stealth in the woods? Under our conditions they would doubtless register under false names at a hotel. This confirms our suspicion that the feministic objection to the institution of marriage is due, at bottom, to a fear that steady loyalty may be incompatible with a perpetual orgy of courtship. "Our Nervous Humanity," under the mistaken theory that genius is necessarily neurotic, exhibits a strong antipathy to sanity and self-control—which are treated as marks of "analgesia." "A Man-Made Woman" (the Japanese woman) repeats a familiar motive; and a motive hardly less familiar is expressed in "Eve's Dress," in which all feminine immodesty in dress is interpreted as the immodesty of the masculine mind—a delightfully easy thesis if one forgets that consciousness of the effect produced implies a more deliberate immodesty on the part of the wearer. The writer is evidently what is known to-day as "a clever woman"; that is to say, the essays exhibit a certain quickness of wit, facility of language, an abundance of miscellaneous information (which leads one to suspect a source of ready reference), and a complete irresponsibility of mind. So long as one can ignore one's sense of logic they are very entertaining, but little that they say is quite true.

Miss Clarissa Rinaker's "Biographical and Critical Study of Thomas Warton," though published in the University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature, has more of the quality of literature and less of the doctorial dryness than is usually expected in such theses. This is partly due to the subject, for Warton's life is a rich field for the student of letters, and partly to Miss Rinaker's not inconsiderable talent. Some new matter she has found, notably the letters of Warton which she brought out a year ago in the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, but the interest of the book lies more in the freshness and fulness of her treatment of material which has been strangely neglected since the volumes of Mant and Wooll, published early in the last century. Some of the usual academic blemishes will be found—a certain amount of unnecessary repetition, an occasional lack of ease—but on the whole these are conspicuously absent. The life of Warton is told well, the stagnant condition of Oxford at the time is shown not without amusing touches borrowed mainly from Warton himself, yet with due consideration of the fact, so often forgotten by those who look only for dull wits and abundant ale in the universities of the eighteenth century, that the apparatus of scholarship was still there and even scholars, too, of the old stamp. In her criticism of Warton's work, Miss Rinaker is just. With great labor she has drawn up a bibliography of the historical sources referred to in "The History of English Poetry," and the list of titles is portentous. She feels herself justified in speaking with some asperity of the attitude of certain modern scholars who, building themselves largely on the foundation already laid by their predecessor, sneer at his old-fashioned methods of investigation. In her judgment of Warton's poems she is possibly a little over-zealous in seeking for origins of the romantic movement; but that error, if it is so to be regarded, is one which it would have been hard to escape in this age of source-hunting. She has still left something to be said for the critic who would go to Warton's poetry for marks of the scholar's soul.

On one point only have we any real quarrel with Miss Rinaker, and that is due to her acceptance of the false antinomy between reason and the imagination which Warton himself did so much to make current. Reason had been used by the philosophers of the preceding age as a kind of magisterial rod held over the offending poet, and now in revenge the critics of the dawning romantic school were to regard reason as a kind of clog on the wings of the soul, useful perhaps for a low safety, but a dull and painful necessity which it was the poet's honor to outwit if he could. "If the Fairy Queen," said Warton, "be destitute of that arrangement and œconomy which epic severity requires, yet we scarcely regret the loss of these, while their place is so amply supplied by something which more powerfully attracts us: something which engages the affections, the feelings of the heart, rather than the cold approbation of the head. If there be any poem whose graces please, because they are situated beyond the reach of art, and where the force and faculties of creative imagination delight, because they are unassisted and unrestrained by those of deliberate judgment, it is this." This kind of language had serious meaning in the age of revolt from pseudo-classicism and is justified on the lips of a pioneer in the field like Warton, but it is a little discouraging to find it quoted as sound philosophy in our schools to-day. Does Miss Rinaker really believe that the head is cold because it has arrangement and economy, or that the imagination is most "creative" when unassisted and unrestrained by the deliberate judgment? Many passages of her book would seem to say so. Unfortunately, this rather puerile stage of criticism is not confined to such treatises as the one we are now considering; the opposition of reason and the imagination in the crudest form is still taught officially in the English chair of at least one of our greatest universities. We do not, of course, mean to assert that reason and judgment may not exist where there is no creative imagination, nor to assert that fancy may not gain in a certain liveliness if freed from the restraints of judgment; but that is a different thing from the antinomy between the higher imagination and the critical judgment which Miss Rinaker apparently accepts. But this, after all, is not the whole of Miss Rinaker's work. Apart from this, perhaps excusable, lapse in criticism, the book is scholarly and decidedly good reading.

From "The Confessions of Two Brothers," by John Cowper Powys and Llewellyn Powys (Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press; $1.50), the "confession" of Llewellyn Powys, consisting of a brief diary of travel, could profitably be omitted. We should miss two or three examples of striking effects, of impressions skilfully conveyed by seemingly bare description, but also a few exhibitions of extraordinary coarseness. The Confession of John Cowper Powys is in any case a rather interesting document. The hostile reviewer is

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likely to find it somewhat baffling. All the charges which could conceivably suggest themselves, egotism, morbidity, pretence, or what not, he has neatly disarmed by anticipatory admission in tones of an almost Christian humility. He claims nothing for himself but "an abnormal receptivity," which he judges sufficiently unusual to be worthy of a careful analysis. We must admire the skill of the analysis, even if we doubt whether "receptivity" is an unusual accompaniment of chronic nervous dyspepsia. The analysis furnishes an excuse for a series of brief, untitled essays on philosophy, religion, ethics, art, literature, education, and friendship, which, in the total, present us with a neatly drawn picture of the Epicurean and skeptical philosophy of life. Mr. Powys is hardly a Spinozist, as he would have us believe—that is of another fibre—though we must recognize in him a conflict between the love of clear ideas and the desire to leave the world in its "virginal mystery." Evidently Mr. Powys expects us to be shocked by his ethical skepticism. Really, his self-revelation shows him to be a reasonably decent fellow; at any rate, an inoffensive neighbor. Whether we love him, is another question; but one who begins to read him is constrained to go on by an unusual grace of style, clear, plain, and seemingly unstudied, yet delightfully and accurately choice in the use of words.

"The Assumption of the Virgin: a Miracle Play from the N-Town Cycle" (Oxford University Press; 4s. 6d. net), edited by W. W. Greg, is No. 41 in the collection of miracle plays which was edited in 1841 by J. O. Halliwell under the incorrect title of "Ludus Coventriæ" (Coventry Plays). It is written in a different hand and on different paper from the rest of the manuscript. Halliwell assigned the handwriting to the reign of Henry VIII, but, according to Greg, it is contemporary with that of the other parts of the manuscript (second half of the fifteenth century). Moreover, as appears from Greg's elaborate examination of the question, the dialect of this play is the same as that of the rest. They all seem to have been written on the northern border of the East Midland district. The author of this Assumption play, however, is not responsible for any other play in the cycle. The editor was led to reëdit it principally on account of certain characteristics of its metrical structure, which are obscured in Halliwell's edition, although the old rubricator of the manuscript had been at pains to make them clear. The play is really written in a mixture of stanzas of thirteen and eight lines, respectively, these stanzas being bound together by a series of intercalary lines and couplets which break the regular stanzaic sequence, and, if not somehow distinguished from the stanzas themselves, have the effect, as Greg says, of reducing the whole scheme apparently to chaos. The matter is very intricate and is analyzed in detail by the editor. The source of the play is the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine, and the portion of the Latin text which was used by the author is reproduced in the present volume. Greg wishes thereby to draw the attention of students more fully to the importance of Jacobus de Voragine's work for the study of the religious drama. In addition to the discussions already indicated, he includes in the edition photographic reproductions of specimen pages of the manuscript, a rhyme-index, a glossarial index, and notes, in which he has had Dr. Henry Bradley's assistance. He confines himself strictly to the Assumption play and does not attack the problem of the origin and history of the N-town cycle with which various American scholars have recently dealt. The edition constitutes, altogether, a useful piece of work.

Drama

"TURN TO THE RIGHT."

Broadway is broad-minded. It does not ask that dramatic types be kept pure or distinct. It responds to the lift of sweet sentiment and likes it the better if such sentiment have the idyllic setting of, say, a peach orchard, as in the present play. But Broadway would feel desolate in a peach orchard untenanted by a city crook or two. Broadway in its sentimental mood reminds one of two roués who once a year should repair together to Central Park and seek to regenerate themselves by wondering at the natural loveliness of the scarlet tanagers. So it is not strange that "Turn to the Right," by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard, which is presented at the Gaiety Theatre, has received a blessing from Broadway.

For one with any sense of dramatic tradition it is difficult to describe this play. It has in combination the element of simple sentiment, as in "The Old Homestead," the shrewd business of crook plays, the enterprise of a Wallingford, and echoes of numerous other Broadway successes. On the whole it contrives to be amusing, even though any intelligent spectator who tries to consider the performance as a whole must wonder that he is entertained. In brief, the story is recounted of a youth born in the country who leaves home and seeks his fortune by frequenting the race courses. Through a weakness for liquor he is duped by a real criminal and for a crime which he did not commit is required to spend a year at Sing Sing. The main action of the play begins with his release, when he returns to his home to find his widowed mother and sister on the point of handing over their farm to an unscrupulous creditor. What short work Joe and two of his pals at Sing Sing make of the creditor, and how they all respond to the influence of the sainted mother, are told in scenes which contain a jumble of old-fashioned and very modern sentiments. F.

"PLEASE HELP EMILY."

It may be supposed that this play of uninspired name, which is now presented at the Lyceum Theatre, was helped to a successful run in London by special conditions. Soldiers home from the trenches for a week-end are not likely to be as fastidious even as a summer audience on Broadway. The author, Mr. H. M. Harwood, has taken the old conception of a madcap society girl who with quite harmless results commits all manner of indiscretions. The plot itself is well enough contrived, though it is plain that the particular scandals in which Emily indulges were planned by the author for their commercial value. All is innocence in this play. But innocence having the setting and surroundings of vice is not easy to keep distinct on the stage; just as in the slums the violent praying of the Salvation Army has sometimes been mistaken for profanity.

In the central part Miss Ann Murdock attempts by excessive vivacity to make irresistible a character who with the best acting in the world would not be quite charming. The author has in fact placed too great a burden upon credulity without relying upon those side glances of cynicism which often in French work of this type compensate for extravagance. Charles Cherry in the part opposed to the heroine is competent without showing the ease required by long stage tradition of the London bachelor fashionably placed. Ferdinand Gottschalk performs well in a part which he has made much his own—that of the stupid but well-meaning friend. F.

"HIS BRIDAL NIGHT."

Written by Lawrence Rising and "revised and elaborated," so the programme faithfully informs us, by Margaret Mayo, an author who has made something of a reputation in the bedroom type of farce, this play is apparently produced (by A. H. Woods, at the Republic Theatre) for the purpose of giving speaking parts to two young ladies of the vaudeville stage who dance pleasingly and look very much alike. The likeness of the Dolly sisters, Rozsika and Yancsi, the one to the other, must be the prime motive of the play, since their dancing, although the most attractive part of the programme, is purely incidental and the means by which it may be introduced has evidently taxed the ingenuity of the authors. That the likeness is remarkable is obvious from the fact that Joe Damarel is able to depart for his honeymoon with the sister whom he has omitted to marry without imposing too severe a strain on the credulity of the audience. The humors of the situation that arises may be left to the imagination, so long as it is discreetly curbed, as the authors have evidently curbed theirs. Humor of the honeymoon variety at its most frolicsome is unattractive. Here it frolics demurely. The clientèle which is attracted to the play by its title is likely, therefore, to be disappointed; for others its appeal will be small. The Dolly sisters have been conscientiously drilled in their speaking parts. Miss Lucille Watson provides welcome interludes in the rôle of a worldly matron; Pedro de Cordoba gives a good burlesque of himself as a romantic lover; John Westley struggles adequately with his perplexity as a bridegroom unaware of which twin he has married, and Harry Lillford adds something to the gayety of the occasion as a butler. S. W.

Constance D'Arcy Mackay has produced an excellent and useful handbook, "Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs" (Holt; $1.75 net), which offers, in well-arranged form, a vast amount of varied information and some sound advice. For instance, it warns amateurs against the folly of provoking invidious comparisons by selection of well-known dramas, which have been recently performed by expert professionals. And it directs attention to the wide field for interesting and profitable experiment, open to intelligent and earnest beginners in the large number of meritorious pieces, which have no chance of production in the commercial theatre, including a large assortment of one-act plays. There can be no doubt that much valuable missionary work

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might be done in this direction. Not only are the costumes of various countries, in ancient and modern times, fully described, with suitable diagrams, but many shrewd hints are given concerning the best material to be employed, and the easiest and most economical method of making it up. In such matters the author's feminine instinct gives her a great advantage over the ordinary male writer. It serves her well, also, when she describes the varied scenic effects which may be obtained by very simple means, plain backgrounds, colored lights, inexpensive properties, draperies, etc. She is evidently an ardent admirer of the newer styles of decorative and symbolical scenery, which are admirably appropriate and helpful to a special order of imaginative drama, but demand a degree of mechanical and artistic perfection which is beyond the reach of most amateurs. Moreover, the notion that an exceptionally significant, decorative, and beautiful background may disguise the weakness of an inferior performance by the actors is an utter and mischievous fallacy. It does not cloak but exposes incapacity. The object of the theatre is illusion, and to effect this the scenery must supplement, not dominate, the acting. Actually the book, which is the fruit of much careful research, and contains ample references to standard authorities on the subjects under discussion, is likely to be wasted upon mere amateurs, but it should prove infinitely useful to persons seriously interested in the organization of local independent theatres. It is a capital little work of its kind.

Finance

RAILWAY STRIKES.

The arrogant behavior of the railway labor leaders, their rejection of arbitration, their threat of stopping the whole transportation movement of the country unless their demands should be forthwith granted, had the inevitable effect of turning the minds of reminiscent people back to the longer past. It is long since quite such a threat has been flung by organized labor at the American people, and it came at a time when the general belief was that railway labor organizations were too intelligent and conservative to permit of such action. No doubt the idea that a Presidential year was the time to make a bold stroke was the leading motive. Probably, also, the knowledge of the union leaders, that the President of the United States would prevent execution of their threat, and that therefore they would not have to go to the extreme, had much to do with their conduct. But what happened, in the days when union leaders carried out their threat and when the Government did not intervene?

In the early summer of 1877, as a result of the widespread business depression which followed the panic of 1873 and the subsequent freight-rate wars, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central, Erie, and all of the other important systems operating in the trunk-line territory announced a general reduction of 10 per cent. in wages. In his brief but positive notice of retrenchment, President Scott, of the Pennsylvania, went even further; he issued an order that freight trains were to be coupled up and run under "doubleheaders"; that is, with two locomotives, the object being to save the wages of one train crew.

Trouble began on the lines of the Baltimore & Ohio at Martinsburg, W. Va.; whence the strike quickly spread to Pittsburgh, where $2,000,000 of Pennsylvania's property was burned by a mob. That demonstration, spreading as it did throughout New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, and as far south as Texas, compelled the calling out, first of the police, then of the militia, and finally of the regular army. It was the middle of August before the last of the mobs was dispersed. The trainmen accepted the lower wages for the time.

It was in 1886 that the employees of the Missouri Pacific walked out because Jay Gould refused to recognize the newly formed organization, the Knights of Labor. In an effort to win the support of men on other lines, the employees of the Missouri Pacific issued this proclamation:

> Every freight train on every road going out of St. Louis, and every freight train on every road running out of Chicago, will be stopped; not a single wheel of a freight car shall be turned until the Knights of Labor are recognized.

This was supplemented by a demand that business men of St. Louis and Chicago should "combine with the Knights of Labor against these corporations for the purpose of compelling the roads to resume traffic or forfeit their charters." The railway was not slow to take advantage of the position thus created, when in one breath the men threatened that not a wheel would move and in the next called on business men to make the railways resume operations. Within a few days the Missouri Pacific strike was broken.

Within two years, in 1888, labor trouble broke out on the Burlington, over wages. Every Burlington engineer walked out, many of them leaving their trains between stations. That was early in March; within a few weeks the trouble had spread to the Alton, the Atchison, the St. Paul, the Northwestern, and even east of the Mississippi on the Michigan Central, the Lake Shore, the New York Central, and the Pennsylvania. When the men of the other lines refused to handle Burlington cars, side-tracking them in every instance, the railways carried their case to the courts. It was late in the year, however, before the railways obtained a decision declaring the "boycott" illegal. That decision broke the strike. When the Burlington issued its annual report for 1888 the statement showed that even fixed charges had not been earned by $4,331,000, compared with the final surplus of $1,507,000, which had been reported for 1887. That strike cost the railway engineers alone $2,000,000 and the railways many times that amount.

In some respects, the most sensational railway labor war of all was that of 1894. It came as a climax of hard times and labor unrest, and began, not in a railway wage dispute, but in a local strike in the car shops at Pullman, Ill. The American Railway Union, the labor organization of the day, intervened by forbidding the railways to haul Pullman cars until that company yielded to the strikers. When the companies very naturally ignored this insolent demand, the Union first ordered a strike of railway employees, then refused to allow the trains to move out of or into Chicago. The Union leaders opened headquarters and issued proclamations in the city, much in the manner of a German "occupation" of Belgium.

The railways had the men to handle the trains, but the mob which the Union controlled attacked and destroyed the cars by hundreds. The police were inadequate to meet the crisis, and the Governor of Illinois refused to call out the militia. It was President Cleveland who settled the matter by proclaiming that interstate mail trains must not be interfered with, and by backing up his proclamation with soldiers from the regular army. Traffic began at once to move again. The baffled Railway Union ordered a general strike of laborers in all industries. Nobody paid attention to it; the whole demonstration collapsed, and with it the Railway Union.

In every one of the conflicts thus reviewed both sides emerged with heavy losses, and with the original matter of controversy usually lost sight of, in the violence of the struggle. It is not surprising that the trend of affairs during the past two decades has been entirely away from such insane assaults on property and society and in the direction of reasonable arbitration.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Appel, J. W. The Light of Parnell. Phila.: Heidelberg Press.
Castle, A. and E. Wind's Will. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Hale, B. F. The Nest-Builder. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Lisle, D. The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Luehrmann, A. The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. Century. $1.35 net.
Tobenkin, E. Witte Arrives. Stokes. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bradley, H. The Numbered Sections in Old English Poetical MSS. Oxford University Press.
Cruickshank, J. G. Black Talk: Being Notes on Negro Dialect in British Guiana. Demerara: The Argosy Co.
Finley, J. Les Français au Cœur de L'Amérique. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin. 5 fr.
Franck, H. A. Tramping Through Mexico. Century. $2 net.
Greenside, D. Little Builders. New Thought Talks to Children. Introduction by R. W. Trine. N. Y.: Dodge Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Kunz, G. F. Shakespeare and Precious Stones. Phila.: Lippincott.
Lettres à Tous les Français. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin. 1 fr.
New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Vol. IX. Si—Th. Oxford University Press.

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Prentiss, Mrs. H. D. From Nature Forward. Phila.: Lippincott. $2 net.
Randall, J. H. The Life of Reality. New York: Dodge Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Smith, R. W. Benighted Mexico. Lane. $1.50 net.
Whitehead, H. The Village Gods of South India. Oxford University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Souter, A. The Character and History of Pelagius' Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul. Oxford: Univ. Press. 2s. 6d. net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Davies, J. E. Trust Laws and Unfair Competition. Wash.: Government Printing Office.
McClure, W. State Constitution-Making. Nashville: Marshall & Bruce Co.
The International Crisis: The Theory of the State. Lectures delivered by L. Creighton and Others. Opening Address by Viscount Bryce. Oxford Univ. Press. 4s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Fribourg, A. Les Martyrs d'Alsace et de Lorraine. Paris, France: Librairie Plon.
Jones, F. With Serbia into Exile. Century. $1.60 net.
Kellogg, H. W. Military Selection and Race Deterioration. Edited by H. Westergaard. Oxford University Press. $2.
Millard, T. F. Our Eastern Question. Century. $3 net.
Schure, E. L'Alsace Française: Rêves & Combats. Paris, France: Librairie Académique, Perrin et Cie.

POETRY.

Scott, D. C. Lundy's Lane. Doran. $1.25 net.
The Heritage of India: The Heart of Buddhism. Being an anthology of Buddhist Verse. Translated and edited by K. J. Saunders. Oxford University Press.

SCIENCE.

Prinzing, F. Epidemics Resulting from Wars. Edited by H. Westergaard. Oxford Univ. Press. $2.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Mukerji, D. G. Layla-Majnu. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.

ART.

Genthe, A. The Book of the Dance. Mitchell Kennerley. $6 net.

JUVENILE.

Burnett, F. H. The Little Hunchback Zia. Stokes. 75 cents.
Leonard, N. M. The Gray Mouse Family. Crowell. 50 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Betz, W., and Webb, H. E. Plane and Solid Geometry. Boston: Ginn.
Boezinger, B. Zweites Aufsatzbuch. Holt.
Firth, J. B. Practical Physical Chemistry. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1 net.
Homans, J. E. Homans' Automatic Handbook. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
Skinner, E. B. Tables from the Mathematical Theory of Investment. Boston: Ginn. 36 cents.

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